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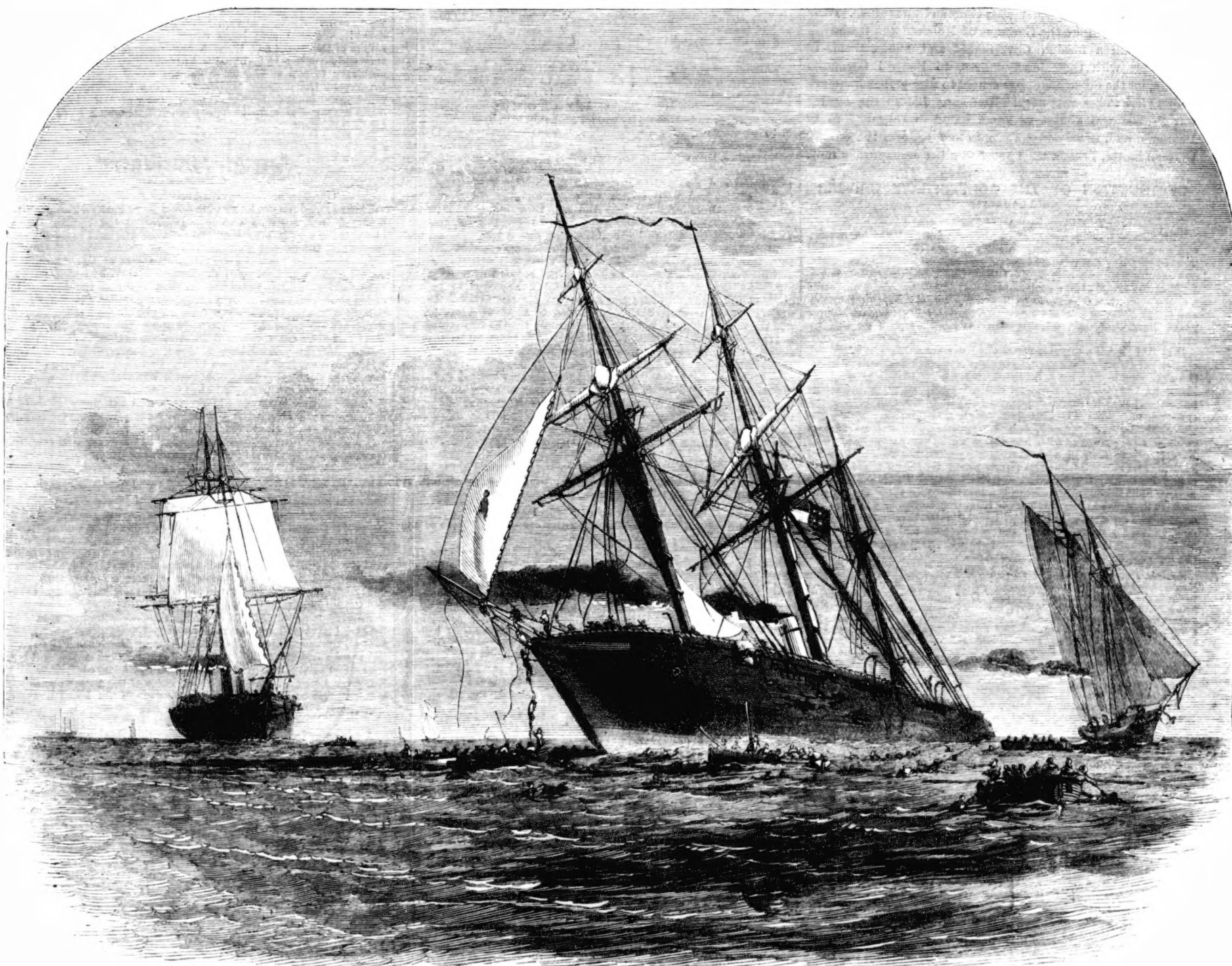
THE CONFERENCE.

It now appears certain that the Conference will end in nothing, and that hostilities will be resumed on the 26th; in which case it is thought probable that England will take part in the fighting. We do not see how that is to be managed, unless, indeed, the Ministry, which during the last few months has gained such a reputation for pusillanimity, should wish now to astonish the world by the display of very opposite qualities. Statesmen before declaring war generally like to be in a position to say what they are going to fight about, even if they are not quite prepared to state beforehand on what terms they will be ready to make peace; but the members of our Cabinet who, if they are not statesmen, at least claim to be considered as such, cannot tell how, and will be ashamed to confess why, they propose to engage in hostilities with Germany. Perhaps they have no such intention, and simply want to go on blustering to the last, encouraging Denmark and irritating without intimidating her oppressors; playing, in short, towards the Danes the same noble part that they had previously played towards the Poles? Both Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston, however, have lately adopted

a decidedly warlike tone in answering the questions put to them as to their intentions towards Germany in the event of the Conference turning out a failure. Nevertheless, it would be very difficult with such means as we have at our disposal to attack the Germans with any effect, while it would be almost impossible to explain on what general principles, or with what particular motives, we attacked them at all.

A decisive attitude towards Prussia would have been intelligible enough, and in all probability would have been efficacious, had we adopted it six months ago, though even then we had damaged our position in Europe by withdrawing precipitately, and just after an unmeaning threat, from the negotiations on behalf of Poland. But now all the harm is done. Holstein, Schleswig, and Jutland have been invaded in succession, each fresh act of aggression having been committed in spite of the most solemn warnings and even menaces on the part of England. At the beginning of the year the English theory was that the King of Denmark was the legitimate ruler of Holstein as well as of Schleswig. Then, as Denmark was willing and anxious to surrender Holstein, so as to get rid of all claim on the part of Germany to interfere in Danish

affairs, we would allow no one to question his Majesty's title to Schleswig. But Schleswig having been overrun by Prussian and Austrian troops, and a Conference having been assembled in order to discuss the right of the invaders to the provinces of which they had now taken possession, England thought Denmark's best plan would be to throw them, as a sop, about one half of Schleswig, in addition to the already conceded Holstein. The English Ministry now became very determined. A line of bisection was drawn across the second of the contested provinces, by the Schlei and the Dannewerke, and that, according to the representatives of England in the Conference, and no other, was to form the boundary-line between Germany and Denmark. But the Prussians wanted more territory, or perhaps simply wanted that the Conference should break up without arriving at any solution of a problem which the invading Powers are convinced they can solve very easily by force of arms. Accordingly, Earl Russell's line was rejected, and another thirty miles further north, from Apenrade to Tondern, proposed in place of it. Finally, our Foreign Minister, now well accustomed to being beaten step by step, was complaisant enough to abandon his last line



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE FEDERAL STEAM-SLOOP KEARSARGE AND THE CONFEDERATE WAR-STEAMER ALABAMA, OFF CHERBOURG.

of defence and to give up the Dannewerke and the Schlei, as he had previously given up the Eider. But the Danish representative would not accompany him in his last retreat; so Earl Russell, unable to recommend his Danish clients to accept just whatever their adversaries might choose to offer them, thought, as a last chance, that the question of the frontier-line to be drawn across Schleswig had better be referred to arbitration.

Earl Russell has threatened so much, and has retreated so often from the ground on which everyone believed he was determined to make a firm stand, that to have to fight now about a slip of territory thirty miles broad would be a curious conclusion, however inevitable, to the long series of diplomatic defeats that he has had to submit to. It would be a lamentable thing, after putting up with so much insult, and after retiring gradually to a worse and worse position, to have to take up arms at last; but it is to be feared that that may yet be the result.

If at the end—that is to say, after the abrupt termination—of the negotiations England should go to war with Germany, we shall be fighting, not for the sake of Denmark or of our own maritime interests, but simply because insults have been put upon us which, with a little dignity and firmness, we might have avoided, and because Parliament and the whole country have at last become indignant at the reputation for meanness and cowardice which has been gained for us by our present rulers. We shall not be fighting for the observance of treaties: the Treaty of 1852 has been abandoned; nor for the integrity of Schleswig: the partition of Schleswig has been formally proposed by our own Minister and representative. We shall be fighting simply because we have allowed our love of peace, or, in other words, our regard for material interests, to be speculated upon too far. We shall be fighting the battles of Denmark without any advantage to Denmark, and for the benefit only of France, if France, after a becoming interval of neutrality, thinks fit to attack Prussia on the Rhine. We shall not have enough troops to clear Schleswig of its well-armed invaders; we shall be cutting our own throats if we blockade the German ports, which, if they cannot do without our commerce, our commerce can hardly do without them; and, finally, we shall be fighting against all Germany and against our best allies, whereas our quarrel is really with Prussia—which to liberal Germany is to some extent what Austria is to Hungary or Russia to Poland. If we must fight, we ought to single out Prussia, and endeavour to leave Austria and, above all, the smaller German States alone. Their wish has been to take the Germans of Holstein and Schleswig from beneath a foreign Government and annex them, in accordance with their own desires, to Federal Germany. Prussia, on the other hand, has sought to dismember Denmark with a view to her own aggrandisement. Before the Danish war Prussia was almost as much hated in Germany as in Denmark, and, if we adopt a proper tone towards the smaller German States, Prussia need not find allies among them now.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER ALABAMA.

THE COMBAT.

THE famous Confederate cruiser Alabama has finished her career, and now lies at the bottom of the Channel off Cherbourg. On Sunday morning she left the harbour, where she had gone to repair, and commenced an attack on the Federal steamer Kearsarge. Inferior to her adversary both in men and guns, the Alabama, after a sharp conflict, was reduced to a sinking state. Captain Semmes and about forty of the crew were rescued by the English steam-yacht Deerhound, and were brought to Southampton on Sunday evening.

It is said that the commander of the Kearsarge, Captain Winslow, challenged Captain Semmes to come out of port and fight, and that, the challenge having been accepted, the owner of the Deerhound, Mr. John Lancaster, of Hindley Hall, Wigan, which happened to be in Cherbourg Harbour, determined to put to sea and witness the engagement. The Alabama left Cherbourg Harbour about ten o'clock on Sunday morning, and the Kearsarge was then several miles out to seaward, with her steam up ready for action. The French plated ship of war Couronne followed the Alabama out of harbour and stopped when the vessels were a league off the coast, her object being to see that there was no violation of the law of nations by any fight taking place within the legal distance from land. The combat took place about nine miles from Cherbourg, and as there are some slight differences (as might naturally be expected under the circumstances) in relation to the period over which it lasted, and other matters, it may be well to reproduce the subjoined extract from the log kept on board the Deerhound:—

Sunday, June 19, 9 a.m.—Got up steam and proceeded out of Cherbourg Harbour. 10.30.—Observed the Alabama steaming out of the harbour towards the Federal steamer Kearsarge. 11.10.—The Alabama commenced firing with her starboard battery, the distance between the contending vessels being about one mile. The Kearsarge immediately replied with her starboard guns; a very sharp, spirited firing was then kept up, shot sometimes being varied by shells. In manoeuvring, both vessels made seven complete circles at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile. At 12 a slight intermission was observed in the Alabama's firing, the Alabama making head sail, and shaping her course for the land, distant about nine miles. At 12.30 observed the Alabama to be disabled and in a sinking state. We immediately made towards her, and on passing the Kearsarge were requested to assist in saving the Alabama's crew. At 12.50, when within a distance of 200 yards, the Alabama sank. We then lowered our two boats, and, with the assistance of the Alabama's whale-boat and dingy, succeeded in saving about forty men, including Captain Semmes and thirteen officers. At 1 p.m. we steered for Southampton.

One of the officers of the Alabama names the same hour—viz., 11.10—as the commencement of the action, and 12.40 as the period of its cessation—making its duration an hour and a half; while the time observed on board the Deerhound, which is most likely to be accurate, that vessel being free from the excitement and confusion necessarily existing on board the Alabama, limited the action to an hour, the last shot being fired at 12.10. The distance between the two contending vessels when the Alabama opened fire was estimated on board the Deerhound at about a mile, while the Alabama's officer says that she was a mile and a half away from the Kearsarge when she fired the first shot. Be this as it may, it is certain that the Alabama commenced the firing, and, as it is known that her guns were pointed for a range of 2000 yards, and that the second shot she fired, in about half a minute after the first, went right into the Kearsarge, that may be taken as the real distance between the two ships. The firing became general from both vessels at the distance of a little under a mile, and was well sustained on both sides, Mr. Lancaster's impression being that at no time during the action were the vessels less than a quarter of a mile apart. Seven complete

circles were made in the period over which the fight lasted. It was estimated on board the Deerhound that the Alabama fired in all about 150 rounds, some single guns and some in broadsides of three or four; and the Kearsarge about 100, the majority of which were 11-inch shells. The Alabama's were principally Blakely pivot-guns. In the early part of the action the relative firing was about three from the Alabama to one from the Kearsarge; but, as it progressed, the latter gained the advantage, having apparently a much greater power of steam. She appeared to have an advantage over the Alabama of about three knots an hour, and steam was seen rushing out of her blowpipe all through the action, while the Alabama seemed to have very little steam on.

At length the Alabama's rudder was disabled by one of her opponent's heavy shells, and sails were hoisted; but it was soon reported to Captain Semmes by one of his officers that the ship was sinking. With great bravery the guns were worked till the muzzles were actually under water, and the last shot from the doomed ship was fired as she was settling down. When her stern was completely under water Captain Semmes gave orders for the men to save themselves as best they could, and every one jumped into the sea and swam to the boats which had put off to their rescue. Those of them who were wounded were ordered by Captain Semmes to be placed in the Alabama's boats and taken on board the Kearsarge, which was as far as possible obeyed. Captain Semmes and those above-mentioned were saved in the Deerhound's boats, and when it was ascertained that the water was clear of every one that had life left, and that no more help could be rendered, the yacht steamed away for Cowes, and thence to Southampton.

THE SHIPS AND THEIR CREWS.

The Kearsarge, it is known, has for some time past been in hot pursuit of the Alabama, which vessel Captain Winslow was determined to follow everywhere till he overtook his enemy. Very recently she chased and came up with one of the vessels of the Chinese expeditionary force returning to England, and ran alongside with her guns pointed and crew at quarters before she could be convinced of her mistake, for the expeditionary vessel was very like the celebrated Confederate cruiser. The Kearsarge was then described as likely to prove a formidable overmatch for the Alabama, having higher steam-power and rate of speed, a crew "nearly double" that under Captain Semmes, and carrying two 11-inch shell guns (120-pounder smooth-bore columbiads), besides six 32-pounders. The Alabama, on the contrary, is stated to have had one 7-inch Blakely rifled gun, one 8-inch smooth-bore pivot gun, and six broadside 32-pounders, smooth-bore. The Confederate, too, after her long cruise, was sorely in need of a refit. Part of her copper, it is said, was off, and her bottom was covered with long weeds.

The crew of the Alabama comprised in all about 120 when she left Cherbourg. Of these ten or twelve were killed during the action, and a number were known to be drowned; the difference between these and the number brought home by the Deerhound having been saved by the boats of the Kearsarge or some French pilot-boats which were in the vicinity. The French war-vessel Couronne did not come out beyond three miles. The surgeon of the Alabama was an Englishman, and, as nothing has been heard of him since he went below to dress the wounds of some of the sufferers, it is feared that he went down with the ship.

When the men came on board the Deerhound they had nothing on but their drawers and shirts, having been stripped to fight, and one of the men, with a sailor's devotedness, insisted on seeing his captain, who was then lying in Mr. Lancaster's cabin in a very exhausted state, as he had been intrusted by Captain Semmes with the ship's papers, and to no one else would he give them up. The men were all very anxious about their captain, and were rejoiced to find that he had been saved. They appeared to be a set of first-rate fellows, and to act well together in perfect union under the most trying circumstances.

Throughout the action the Deerhound kept about a mile to windward of the combatants, and was enabled to witness the whole of it. The Kearsarge was burning Newcastle coals, and the Alabama Welsh coals, the difference in the smoke (the north country coal yielding so much more) enabling the movements of each ship to be distinctly traced. Mr. Lancaster is clearly of opinion that it was the Kearsarge's 11-inch shells which gave her the advantage, and that, after what he has witnessed on this occasion, wooden ships stand no chance whatever against shells. Both vessels fired well into each other's hull, and the yards and masts were not much damaged. The mainmast of the Alabama had been struck by shot, and, as the vessel was sinking, broke off and fell into the sea, throwing some men who were in the mainmast into the water. Some tremendous gaps were visible in the bulwarks of the Kearsarge, and it was believed that some of her boats were disabled. The Kearsarge was cased with thin iron plates, and over these were chain cables coiled about, and between the interstices formed by the cables was wood planking. As far as could be seen, everything appeared to be well planned and ready on board the Kearsarge for the action. It was apparent that Captain Semmes intended to fight at a long range, and the fact that the Kearsarge did not reply till the two vessels got nearer together showed that they preferred the short range, and the superior steaming power of the Federal enabled this to be accomplished. It is remarkable that no attempt was made by the Kearsarge to close and board the Alabama, and when the Alabama hoisted sails and made as if for the shore the Kearsarge moved away in another direction, as though her rudder or screw was damaged and out of control. Great pluck was shown on both sides during the action. On board the Alabama all the hammocks were let loose, and arrangements had been made for sinking her rather than that she should be captured.

The Alabama's chronometers, specie, and all the bills of ransomed vessels are saved, having been handed over to a gentleman at Cherbourg before she left that port.

CAPTAIN SEMMES'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

Captain Semmes has addressed the following official report of the action to Mr. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner:—

Southampton, June 21.
Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that, in accordance with my intention, as previously announced to you, I steamed out of the harbour of Cherbourg between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the 19th of June for the purpose of engaging the enemy's steamer Kearsarge, which had been lying off and on the port for several days previously. After clearing the harbour we descried the enemy, with his head off shore, at a distance of about seven miles. We were three quarters of an hour in coming up with him. I had previously pivoted my guns to starboard, and had made all my preparations for engaging the enemy on that side. When within about a mile and a quarter of the enemy he suddenly wheeled, and, bringing his head in shore, presented his starboard battery to me. By this time we were distant about one mile from each other, when I opened on him with solid shot, to which he replied in a few minutes, and the engagement became active on both sides.

The enemy now pressed his ship under a full head of steam, and, to prevent our passing each other too speedily, and to keep our respective broadsides bearing, it became necessary to fight in a circle, the two ships steaming around a common centre, and preserving a distance from each other of from a quarter to half a mile. When we got within good shell-range we opened upon him with shell. Some ten or fifteen minutes after the commencement of the action our sparker-gun was shot away, and our ensign came down by the run. This was immediately replaced by another at the mainmast-head. The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship. Perceiving that our shell, though apparently exploding against the enemy's sides, were doing him but little damage, I returned to solid shot firing, and from this time onward attended (? alternated) with shot and shell. After the lapse of about one hour and ten minutes our ship was ascertained to be in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in our sides and between decks, opening large apertures, through which the water rushed with great rapidity.

For some minutes I had hopes of being able to reach the French coast, for which purpose I gave the ship all steam, and set each of the fore and aft sails as were available. The ship filled so rapidly, however, that before we had made much progress the fires were extinguished in the furnaces and we were evidently on the point of sinking. I now hauled down my colours, to prevent the further destruction of life, and dispatched a boat to inform the enemy of our condition.

Although we were now but 400 yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colours had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this

intentionally. We now turned all our exertions towards saving the wounded and such of the boys of the ship as were unable to swim. These were dispatched in my quarter-boats, the only boats remaining to me—the waist-boats having been torn to pieces. Some twenty minutes after my furnace fires had been extinguished, and the ship being on the point of settling, every man, in obedience to a previous order which had been given the crew, jumped overboard and endeavoured to save himself. There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy after my ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam-yacht Deerhound, owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England, Mr. John Lancaster, who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told. About this time the Kearsarge sent one and then, tardily, another boat.

Accompanying, you will find lists of the killed and wounded, and of those who were picked up by the Deerhound; the remainder, there is reason to hope, were picked up by the enemy and by a couple of French pilot-boats, which were also, fortunately, near the scene of action.

At the end of the engagement it was discovered by those of our officers who went alongside the enemy's ship with the wounded that her midship section on both sides was thoroughly iron-clad; this having been done with chain constructed for the purpose, placed perpendicularly from the rail to the water's edge, the whole covered over by a thin outer planking, which gave no indication of the armour beneath. This planking had been ripped off in every direction by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship's side. She was most effectually guarded, however, in this section from penetration. The enemy was much damaged in other parts, but to what extent it is now impossible to tell; it is believed he was badly crippled.

My officers and men behaved steadily and gallantly, and though they have lost their ship they have not lost honour. Where all behaved so well it would be invidious to particularise; but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying that Mr. Kell, my First Lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action with regard to her battery, magazine, and shell-rooms, and that he rendered me great assistance by his coolness and judgment as the fight proceeded.

The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery, and crew; but I did not know until the action was over that she was also iron-clad.

Our total loss in killed and wounded is 30—to wit, 9 killed, 21 wounded.

CAPTAIN SEMMES AT SOUTHAMPTON.

On Monday afternoon Captain Semmes and his chief officer, Kell, went to Emmanuel's, the tailors, in the High-street, to make purchases. The Captain's hand was bandaged, owing to a wound he received in action. The shop was crowded with people endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the Confederate commander. Messrs. Emmanuel tapped several bottles of port and treated their customer, his Lieutenant, and those who came to see them, with much hospitality. Captain Semmes anxiously asked what the people of England thought of the South, said that slavery there existed but in name, and that the North and South would never again be united. He said, moreover, that he had endeavoured to do his duty to his country. When he left the shop a crowd had collected round the door, who made way for him and treated him with much respect. He seemed to be labouring under mental anguish and to feel most acutely the complete defeat he had experienced, and the death and sufferings which that defeat had caused.

THE KEARSARGE AT CHERBOURG.

A Paris paper states that shortly after the sinking of the Alabama "the Kearsarge came into the port, bringing her prisoners. She anchored close to the steam-ship Napoleon. She soon received many visitors. The Kearsarge has suffered much; she has twelve shot in her hull. Her crew was superior to that of her adversary, who only mustered 120 men; but the crew of the Alabama, used to boarding, would infallibly have captured the Kearsarge if she could have been laid alongside. Captain Semmes was adored by his crew and by his staff. The wounded sailors from the Alabama, who were taken to the Marine Hospital, where they have been well cared for, said with joy to everybody by the way, 'The captain is saved—the captain is saved! We shall soon begin again!' The animosity between the sailors of the South and those of the North is such that on Monday they endeavoured to fight with knives. The authorities found it necessary to call in the aid of all the naval gendarmerie in order to prevent the spilling of blood." The Kearsarge, on reaching Cherbourg, landed sixty-three of the crew of the Alabama, fifteen of whom were wounded. The French authorities have charge of all the prisoners.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

There is no domestic news of interest from Paris. The papers are occupied with rumours and speculations on the Danish question, and there is a very prevalent notion that England must engage in the war on the part of Denmark.

Several of the journals state that the loss of the Alabama has caused great agitation. All the letters from Cherbourg testify to the profound regret prevailing in that town at the event. It is added that from one end of France to the other the same feeling obtains, and that it is the generous nature of the French character which always urges the nation to display their sympathy for the weak and their admiration for unfortunate bravery.

The *Moniteur* announces a series of engagements in Mexico which have resulted in success to the French arms, with but comparatively small loss of life. Juarez is represented to be wandering about unable to create any point of resistance.

Official despatches from Algeria represent the news as daily becoming more decisive. General Deligny has penetrated to the centre of the rebellion in the south of the province of Oran, and similar successes have been achieved in the Tell. It is thought that military operations will terminate in the beginning of July.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Government has issued a diplomatic circular to its agents abroad in order to allay the alarmist impressions which have been made by the meetings of the German Sovereigns with the Czar. No programme of any kind, the world is assured by this circular, is being arranged. No Holy Alliance of any sort is dreamed of. No hostile feeling to anybody is entertained. The Sovereigns are only meeting to exchange ideas upon things in general. It is not merely a meeting of simple politeness—the circular concedes that much; but there is no offence meant to anybody—mere interchange of ideas and nothing more.

TURKEY.

Official advices have been received from Constantinople announcing that all the questions between the Ottoman Porte and Prince Couza have been satisfactorily arranged, except that relating to the convent property, which is to be submitted to a conference of the European Powers. The Prince took leave of the Sultan on Saturday last, and was to embark from Constantinople on board a Turkish war-vessel.

CHINA.

A telegram from Shanghai announces that Major Gordon and the Futai had thrice assaulted Chang-Chow-Foo, and had been each time repulsed with great loss.

THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

The negotiations on the Danish question are believed to be practically at an end. It having been found impossible to agree upon a line of frontier through Schleswig, the British Plenipotentiaries in the Conference proposed to refer the details to the arbitration of a neutral Power. This was at a meeting on Saturday last. The proposition was referred to the belligerent Governments, and the result is stated in the following extract from a leading article in the *Times*:

At last the Conference of London on the affairs of Denmark may be looked upon as at an end. The delays which have marked its career were strangely epitomised in the proceedings of Wednesday. The discussions may have been interesting; they were certainly long. It was past six o'clock before the members separated, and the last effort of England to preserve the peace between Denmark and its opponents was shown to have been in vain. The Conference, we believe, will meet again on Saturday; but this is only as a matter of form, in order that the protocol of Wednesday's proceedings may be read and the members may exchange the courtesies which are usual at a separation. As far as business is concerned the Conference is at an end, and it has ended in failure. On no side has there been a dis-

position to accept the proposals which this country has thought it advisable to make in the interests of peace.

The proceedings of the meeting may be soon told. The members met only to hear from Prussia and Austria their definitive rejection of the proposal of arbitration, and their acceptance of the alternative of a renewed campaign. There was, indeed, on their part an offer which in such circumstances can only be looked upon as a mockery. This was, that any Power that chose might arbitrate on the question of frontier, but that they would reserve to themselves the right of rejecting the award. It is needless to say that this absurd proposal was scouted by the representatives of this country, and was justly held by them to mean that the two German States were determined to brave the public opinion of the world and proceed to the last extremity in their career of violence. At the same time, Denmark showed an equal unwillingness to submit her claims to the arbitration of any foreign State. The one idea of the politicians of Copenhagen is that no settlement can be agreed to by them which does not give Denmark the line of the Dannewerk. They would prefer that of the Eider, of course; but with the Dannewerk, which is involved in the line of the Schlei, they would be content; anything else they have been all along determined to reject. The idea that a foreign, and it might be an unfriendly, Power should have the power of depriving them of half Schleswig, and giving them only a strip without a definite geographical area, and without a defensible frontier, has all along been so distasteful to them that we are not surprised that they should now add their refusal to that of their opponents. They have had time to recover from the shock of Dippel. Their army, though weakened by the late campaign, is still respectable in point of numbers; their fleet is ready for operations; they hold Alsen; they are at present unthreatened in Funen; the German shipping offers them a rich prize; and, all things considered, they are perhaps in a better military situation than when they occupied positions on the mainland which were exposed to the full strength of the German armies.

In the meanwhile, rumours of all sorts are rife in the Continental journals. One is to the effect that England has intimated that, in the event of hostilities being resumed, she will blockade the German ports; another is, that inquiries have been made of Denmark whether provisions could be furnished at Korsør for a fleet of ten or twelve ships; a third is, that Earl Cowley has asked whether the Emperor of the French would be disposed at once to participate with England in a naval demonstration in the Baltic, to which the Imperial Government replied in the negative. All these rumours, however, are entitled to no credit.

There is much talk now in Germany of a proposal to supersede the Duke of Augustenburg as a candidate for the duchies, and to put in his place Prince Peter of Oldenburg who is allied to the family of the Czar.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have intelligence from New York to the 11th inst. It seems that the battle of the 3rd inst., briefly mentioned in previous despatches, was a more serious affair than was at first thought. Grant appears to have attacked the Confederates in their works north of the Chickahominy, with a view of driving them across that river. He was repulsed, with a loss of between 5000 and 6000 men; and the experience he thus gained is stated to have convinced him that new combinations were necessary to effect the capture of Richmond. On the evening of the same day and on the 5th and 6th the Confederates became the assailants, but they are said to have been everywhere repulsed. The report on the 11th was that Grant had moved his left from Lee's front, and that a portion of his army had crossed the Chickahominy at the Dispatch station of the Richmond and York River Railroad. At previous accounts Hancock held the extreme left of the Federal position at Cold Harbour, his line extending some short way down the road leading to Dispatch station. The Confederates held Gaines's Mill, a position which dominated the Federal works, and on the failure of the attempt of the 3rd to drive them from this position, Sheridan with his cavalry was thrown out from the Federal line, secured the road throughout to Dispatch station, and is even said to have gone further, to Bottom's Bridge, though this was rather doubtful. It was also stated that Grant had commenced his favourite movement by sending Warren's corps from his right to the left. It may be, then, that the alleged movement from Lee's front is in fact a flanking march, which will place Grant on the south side of the Chickahominy, and thus turn the line which he has found it impossible to force. In Western Virginia the Federal General Hunter had defeated the Confederates under Jones, near Stanton, Jones himself being killed.

General Sherman was still advancing in Georgia, and was within six miles of Marietta.

The Confederates under Morgan were making head in Kentucky and Ohio.

Confederate batteries on both sides of the Mississippi at Greenville completely blockaded the river, and had destroyed or captured four gun-boats and seven transports. A fleet of gun-boats had been sent to dislodge them, but at last accounts, up to the 5th, the Confederates still held their ground.

The Convention at Baltimore had unanimously nominated Mr. Lincoln for the presidency and Mr. Andrew Johnson for the vice-presidency. The "platform" resolved upon declared for an uncompromising prosecution of the war until the rebellion should be overcome and the participants brought to the punishment due to their crimes, the extinction of slavery, the encouragement of emancipation, and the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine. Mr. Lincoln accepted the nomination. General Fremont has also accepted the nomination of the Cleveland Convention, and has resigned his commission in the Army in order to be at liberty to prosecute the contest. The Republican party is thus divided, and it is possible that the Democrats may unite and carry a candidate of their own.

GARIBALDI AND POLAND.

The following letter has been addressed by General Garibaldi to the Author of "Britannia's Ode of Welcome to Garibaldi" and "Appeal for Poland," in acknowledgment of the receipt of copies of these productions presented to him during his late visit to Great Britain:—

Capri, May 30, 1864.

Dear Sir,—I render you thanks for the gift of your heart-stirring stanzas, "Appeal for Poland." May your words sink deep in the soul of the peoples of all nations and raise up friends in her behalf. I too think, with the noble Czartoryski, that the "vox populi is the vox Dei."

Most nobly have you put in verse the glorious words I received on Albion's shores from the true sons of freedom. I will surely endeavour (if life be spared me) to merit the praise you lavish on me. The very touch of your sacred hand has inspired my heart with fresh courage, and I still hope to see my loved Italy freed from every tyrant that now

Enslaves her pathway to Liberty's goal.

May she, then, emulate the virtues that render England the watchword and beacon light of freedom throughout the world. With renewed thanks, I remain, Dear Sir, Your's sincerely, G. GARIBALDI.

To Donald McNeill, Esq., 24, Norfolk-street, Fitzroy-square, London.

A remark made by Prince Ladislaus Czartoryski at a meeting of the National League for the Independence of Poland, held in London Oct. 21, 1863, in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of "Appeal for Poland," which was then presented to him by the author.

† The following is the stanza of "Britannia's Ode of Welcome to Garibaldi" from which this line is quoted:—

Then let "Freedom and Justice" be ever the motto
Inscribed on the banner and fixed in the soul
Of each Warrior Patriot so long as one Tyrant
Enslaves the pathway to Liberty's goal.

THE NEW LIGHTHOUSES AND THE CONVICT SETTLEMENT AT CAYENNE.

We have in a previous number given some particulars of colonial life in that eastern division of Guiana which belongs to France, and the coast line of which extends from the river Maroni on the west to that of Oyapok on the east—the latter separating the territory from Brazil. The colony, which consists of two districts, Cayenne and Sinnamary, is divided into fourteen communes, the administration of which is vested in a governor, a privy council, and a colonial assembly. Cayenne, the first of these districts, and probably the most familiar to our readers, consists of an island, separated from the South American continent by a narrow channel, and traversed on the northern side by the river Cayenne and on the southern by the Oyak. On this island, which, from the higher ground on the

north to the low inundated swamps on the south, is some eighteen miles long, its breadth being about twelve miles, the French first settled in 1604. In 1763 the Government, with the view of increasing the importance of the colony, sent out 12,000 emigrants, but, as no adequate provision had been made for their reception or disposal, they nearly all perished from exposure to a climate which tries the most robust. In the ten years between 1836 and 1846 the population of Cayenne showed a considerable diminution; but since 1852, when the island was made a regular convict station, most of its previous conditions have been entirely changed.

The town of Cayenne, the seat of the French Government on the island, is situated at the entrance of the rivers Oyak and Cayenne, and is divided into the old and the new town, the latter of which is distinguished by its more agreeable aspect and its wider streets, in which the air from the sea circulates freely. The two towns are separated by a large and beautiful garden, planted with orange-trees and fine shrubs; and both here and on the shores of the island the inhabitants have established promenades. From these walks upon the seashore may be seen one of the finest sea effects in the world; for the coast abounds in reefs of jagged rock over which the breakers dash continually. For a very long time these reefs have been the greatest obstacle to the prosperity of the colony, since no vessels can approach the shore; but steps have recently been taken to mitigate, if not entirely to counteract, this disadvantage by the establishment of beacons along the entire coast to the Isles of Salut and the entrance of Maroni.

Our Engraving represents the principal lighthouse, which was erected at the end of last year on the most dangerous of those rocky reefs (L'Enfant-Perdu), about six miles to the north-west of Cayenne. In constructing this work, it was often necessary that the most robust and courageous of the labourers should make their way through the breakers by swimming, and at the same time carry a rope with them, at the risk of being dashed on the rocks, and more than one came back severely injured. Difficulties have been overcome, however, and there is now a lighthouse, constructed of iron and timber framework, upon the wild and dangerous reef which has received so significant a name; and an iron bridge, or landing-stage, permits the approach of the boats which bring provisions for the watchmen and relief from their solitary duties.

The name of Cayenne is in this country principally associated with the idea of a penal settlement, of which we have again and again heard, in connection not only with felons, but with political offenders. But there is really a very interesting experiment in progress in the colony, of which it forms a part.

It is, perhaps, only natural that, in France especially, Guiana should be regarded as the abode of all kinds of suffering, and that the climate should be represented as one of the most unhealthy of all the colonies. But those who are supposed to be fully acquainted with the subject are ready to maintain its reputation for salubrity. The consequence of these contradictions has been that even the Government scarcely troubled itself about the future development of the colony; and, from its establishment to the beginning of the present century, nothing was done to improve its resources. Like Bourbon and the Antilles, Guiana received the first impulse of progress by the abolition of slavery in 1848; but, unlike the natives of the former places who were compelled to work, in order to procure a living, because civilisation had set in, with all its wants and demands, the freed negroes of Guiana settled upon the large tracts of unappropriated land, and lived in a sort of independence as squatters, cultivating small farm patches.

Soon afterwards, however, the French Government discovered in Guiana a convenient spot for a penal settlement, and the first convict establishments were formed on three islands at about three leagues from the coast—L'Île du Diable, L'Île Royale, and L'Île Saint-Joseph, all three of which were uncultivated and without inhabitants. Roads, buildings, and quays for shipment were soon formed by the labour of these first convicts; and the islands were furnished, like other penal settlements, with dwellings, magazines, and workshops for the *forçats* of various trades who were sent thither.

Neither in these islands, however, nor in those of La Mer and Salut, was there room for agricultural establishments; and in order to supply this want the settlement of Montagne d'Argent was founded in 1852, and that of St. Georges in 1853, the latter being specially reserved for negro convicts, and, it is said, skilfully governed by M. Bibeau, the agent of colonisation, who himself belongs to the negro race.

These establishments were quickly followed by others, and the number of convicts in the entire group of penitentiaries in September of last year amounted to 6324, of whom 378 were blacks. The islands of Salut are the *dépôt* for the convicts, who remain there until they are nominated to the various settlements for which they are best adapted, and they are then removed to Cayenne, where the nomination is confirmed by the Government authorities, and they are drafted to their different destinations, where, in some instances, those of good character are allowed to cultivate a patch of land for their own support; and, in order to give these an opportunity of colonising the settlement, they have been permitted to acquire a house and land, and even to marry the women who were sent out by the Government. These women—of whom two parties, each thirty in number, have been sent to Cayenne—live in the female establishment, where they perform domestic work and make the clothes for the convicts, until they are asked in marriage by the concessionaires who have attained a permanent character and become regular colonists in the pay of the Government. It is said that in some instances these concessionaires have been able to send to France for members of their families to live with them in the settlement at Guiana. The central establishment and that at which the most strict and unremitting labour of penal servitude is exacted is Saint Louis, situated on the shore of Maroni and the military *dépôt* of the colony. Here the convicts are subject to constant supervision and to the repressive monotony of forced labour until they show by their conduct that they are worthy of being advanced to the more enviable position at St. Laurent.

THE SEIZURE OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS BY THE SPANISH FORCES.

OUR readers have already learned some particulars of the seizure by Spain of the Chincha or Guano Islands, on the coast of Peru; and, although there may be some reason to believe that the Spanish Government had received provocation, the suddenness of such a reprisal has not yet been fully explained.

The improved condition of the Peruvian Government, under the administration of General Pezet, has already been noticed in our columns. The country has for some time been in a peaceful and comparatively prosperous state, anxiety has been shown to cultivate friendly relations with other nations, and a general activity to improve the material resources of the country was constantly observable. But at the same time the ability of Peru to meet her engagements and the means of her recent advancement were in a great measure due to the wealth derived from the deposits of guano on the Chincha Islands, which bring in a revenue to the State of about 16,000,000 dollars. The payment of the interest of the English and French loans is secured on the profits of guano sold in those islands; while this sort of wealth has enabled the Peruvian Government to remittance of the taxes.

In July of last year a Spanish fleet arrived in the Pacific and anchored off Callao, where the officers were well received both by the officials and the people of Lima, under the representation, it is said, that the vessels were proceeding on a scientific voyage, upon which business they soon afterwards left Callao for California, returning, however, at the beginning of the present year. In March last a Spanish official, calling himself "a special commissioner extraordinary" from the Queen of Spain, arrived at Lima, and presented his credentials to the Peruvian Minister, who, although it is reported that he was a little astonished at the appearance of such an Envoy, informed him that he could at once proceed with his commission. On the 12th of April this commissioner went on board a Spanish frigate, after which the squadron sailed for Callao, and on the same day the Peruvian Minister received a letter containing a series of memoranda which stated that Spanish sub-

jects had been injured or insulted—that some of them had been killed, and that the trial of the murderers had been delayed by the maladministration of justice in the Peruvian law courts; that when Spaniards died intestate the fact had not been announced to their relations in Spain; and that the 70,000,000 dol. loan which the Peruvians were endeavouring to raise could only be for the purpose of opposing the Spanish demands. At the same time it was declared that reprisals for injuries would be energetic and decisive.

Without waiting for any answer to these detailed charges, the Spanish squadron steered to the north until it was out of sight, then altered its course, and appeared off the Chincha Islands on the 14th of April. To the astonishment of the Peruvian Governor, Don Ramon Valle Riestra, he received a note from the Spanish Admiral, Don Luis Pinzon, ordering him to surrender the islands, or otherwise they would be taken by force. The Governor replied that he had no instructions to do so, and asked for time. The reply was that unless the Spanish flag was hoisted within fifteen minutes, the ships would open fire; so Valle Riestra submitted under protest. The islands were then occupied by the Spaniards, the Peruvian store-ship Iquique was seized, and all the officials were made prisoners.

The Admiral then wrote to the Peruvian Government to state his reasons for this act of war. They were—1. That conciliation will make Peru believe that moderation signifies impotence. 2. That the bombardment of Peruvian forts might cause loss to subjects of other nations. 3. That the Spanish Government does not wish to mix in American politics by landing a force on the continent. 4. That the Spaniards have as good a right to seize the Chincha Islands as the English had to occupy Fernando Po. 5. That Peru desired to raise a loan of 70,000,000 dol., which could only be intended to enable her to oppose the demands of Spain. He added that the guano would still serve as a mortgage for all sums advanced by foreign countries to Peru, and concluded by saying that his prisoners are kept as hostages, and would answer for any outrages committed on Spanish subjects.

In reply, the Peruvian Minister told the Spanish Admiral that Peru had learnt the usages of civilisation since she had thrown off the yoke of Spain; that no Spaniard would be molested; that he need not seek their security by means of hostages; and that it did no honour to the Admiral of a nation which pretended to be civilised to revive a custom which had terminated in barbarous times. Finally, he protested solemnly against the outrage committed by the Spanish squadron.

The excitement in Lima was, of course, very great, and it is stated that the whole of the foreign Ministers, with the single exception of M. Lesseps, the French Consul-General, protested against the lawless violence of the Spaniards; and the appeal of the Peruvian President was replied to with enthusiasm. He was authorised by Congress to raise a loan of 50,000,000 dol., to increase the army by 20,000 men, and the fleet by twenty ships.

On the side of Spain, it is declared that the Peruvians had been guilty of wrongs against the dignity of the Spanish Government, and had ill-treated Spanish subjects; while the Peruvian Consul in Madrid offers to prove by documents that the resident Spanish Minister in Peru did not send an ultimatum to the Peruvian authorities before the commencement of hostilities. The Madrid journals contain semi-official statements to the effect that the Spanish Government has never had any intention of occupying a single point or of holding any part whatever of the Peruvian territory, and that as soon as it shall have obtained satisfaction it will abandon the islands. Spain, we learn, has decided to come to a peaceable solution of the misunderstanding. Such is reported to be the determination arrived at in a Ministerial Council held a few days ago at Madrid.

The Chincha Islands, are situated in the Pacific Ocean, on the western coast of Peru, and about ten miles from the port of Pisco. The group is composed of three small islands, granitic, arid, and almost entirely destitute of vegetation, which seem to have surged up mere solitary specks from the bottom of the sea.

The northern isle is that which has been most explored, and it contains a working establishment consisting of about a hundred wood huts, inhabited by some 250 people. It is not a little singular that these islands, which supply the means of fertilising the land of other countries, are themselves absolutely sterile, and present as sad and desolate an aspect as can be found anywhere in the world. The northern island measures less than a mile in length, and about a third of a mile in breadth, and stands some 180 ft. above the level of the sea, its sides being steep and difficult of access except by the regular landing-place. The guano deposited by the marine birds forms beds of various colours, reaching in many places to a depth of 130 ft., and the huts of the inhabitants are built on the guano itself. Every means of subsistence, even to drinkable water, must be fetched from the mainland; and living is expensive to strangers visiting the island, although an excellent hotel has been established, which furnishes them with every comfort. In May, 1859, the population of the northern isle consisted of fifty Europeans, fifty Chinese, and 250 Peruvians and negroes. The majority of these were workmen (*mangueros abarrotadores*) incessantly occupied in digging out the hardened guano and transporting it to the various points of debarkation. These labourers earn from a dollar and a half to two Spanish dollars a day; while the Chinese receive about five dollars a month and a weekly ration of rice. The Chincha Islands are said to be an extremely healthy residence, the ammoniacal emanations from the guano being, it is declared, favourable to the respiratory organs, and it has been maintained that people who have gone there with the symptoms of pulmonary disease have left the islands quite restored. The middle island has latterly been altogether abandoned; the southern isle remains in its primitive state, and at present exhibits no signs of human activity. The first attempts made to export guano to Europe as manure date from 1832, but the issue was unfortunate, and it was not till eight years afterwards that a large Liverpool house, convinced of the marvellous qualities of this production, acquired from the Peruvian Government for a certain sum the right of exporting guano for a period of six years. From March to October, 1841, twenty-three vessels were employed in transporting 6125 tons of guano to England, Hamburg, Antwerp, and Bordeaux. In November of the same year it was stated at Peru that a ton of guano was sold in England for £28 sterling. The result of this was that the Peruvian Government declared the treaty concluded to be null, and put an end to their contract with the firm at Liverpool.

Since that time the exportation of this wonderful manure has so enormously increased that the annual consumption has been estimated at 500,000 tons; and the Peruvian Government has through this channel acquired a sum of twelve to fifteen millions of Spanish piasters—the contractors selling the guano on behalf of the Government and receiving a commission of 3½ to 4½ per cent.

The first scientific exploration of the island was made by a French engineer, M. Faraguet, in 1833, and, according to his calculation, the quantity of guano then contained in the northern isle exceeded 8,000,000 tons; while the middle island possessed 5,000,000 tons, and the southern 10,000,000 tons. The cubic contents of the three islands were computed at 24,000,000 tons, which, at the present price of guano, represents a sum of about £42,000,000. From 1841 (when the working seriously commenced) to 1861 the Chincha Islands furnished nearly 3,000,000 tons of guano; that is to say, a revenue of about £5,000,000.

It must be remembered, however, that there are other islands from which this trade is extensively carried on, by means of leases to various contractors, who undertake the working. Our Emigration Commissioners, acting on behalf of the Crown, granted one of these leases in the earlier part of this year. One was granted in 1862 to Dr. Crowther, of Hobart Town, a lease comprising certain unoccupied islands in the Pacific, unclaimed by any other country. The grant of the present year is a license rather than a lease. It sets forth that Messrs. Roes and Co., citizens of New York, purchased in 1857, from other citizens of the United States, "all their rights or alleged rights and interests" in a discovery said to be made by them in 1856 of certain phosphatic substances in the island of Sombro, one of the Leeward Islands, "which island had been occupied

and worked by these discoverers." The license states that Messrs. Ross and Co. thereupon "entered upon the said island, and have since continued to occupy it," and have erected works there for raising and exporting these phosphatic substances, and have made application to her Majesty to grant to Mr. Dumas, a merchant and British subject, their partner in London, an exclusive license to raise and export this product of Sombreno. Accordingly her Majesty grants him that exclusive right for five years, at a rent of £750 a year. The Crown does not undertake to maintain any establishment or officer upon the island, nor to grant any compensation if, from political or other considerations, her Majesty's Government shall not find it convenient to protect Mr. Dumas in the exclusive enjoyment of his privilege.

lege. He is to maintain order on the island with his own resources to the satisfaction of the Secretary of State, and not resort to any punishments or methods of coercing labour which in the opinion of the Secretary of State shall be unjustifiable.

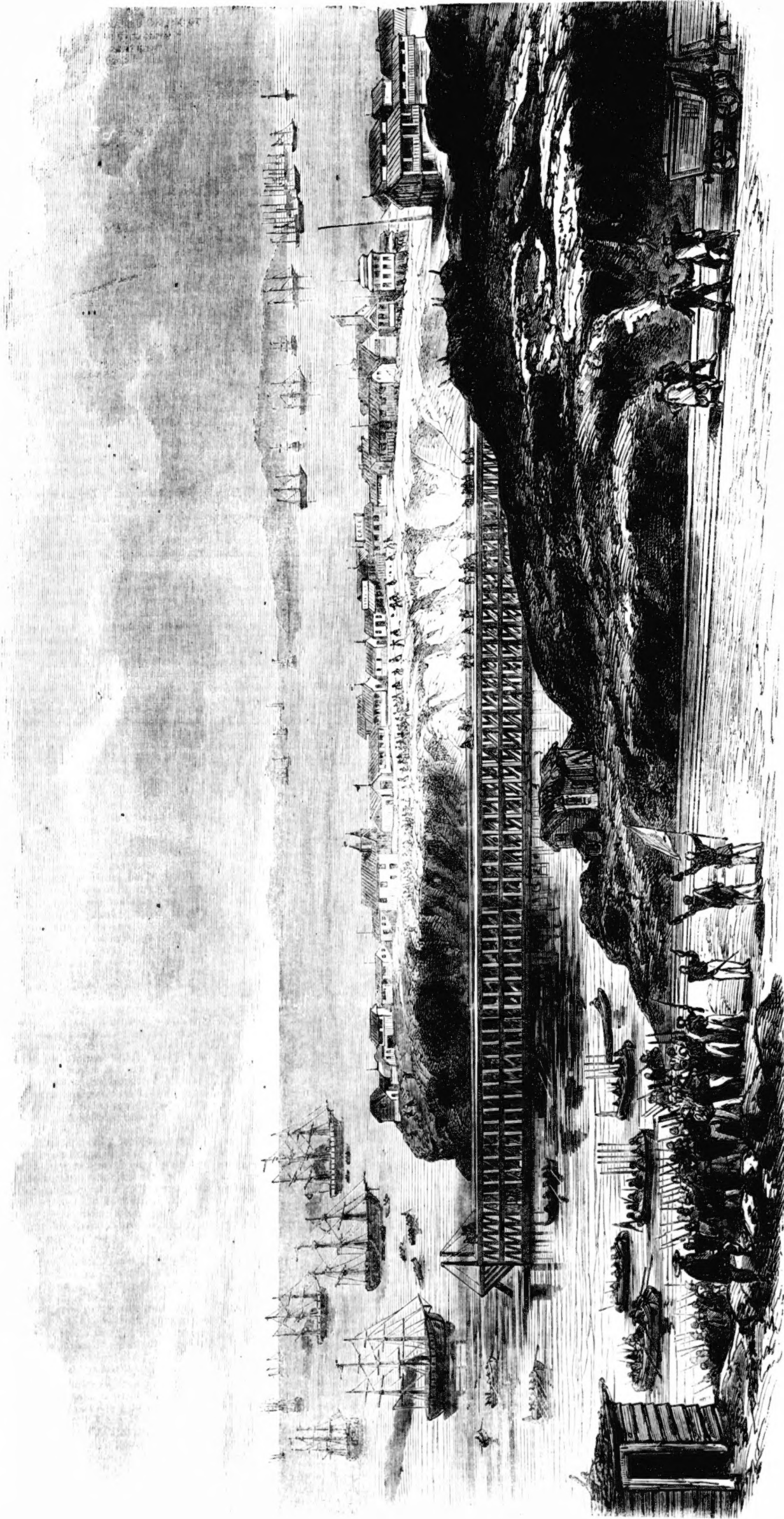
TAHITI.

In our last Number we gave some description, with accompanying Engravings, of the island of Tahiti, its progress and present government; and our illustrations this week represent the natives of the island in their picturesque costumes, which still retain some traces of that semi-savage

love of finery for which they were always distinguished. Referring again to the old interesting book of our earlier reading, we remember how Captain Cook's narrative describes the state dresses of this remarkable people, and there occurs to us the picture of one of the young women who was deputed to carry presents to the navigators, and who appeared in a magnificent exhibition of crinoline composed of gay cloth and coloured feathers. It is probable that the less gorgeous crinoline of France and England has now been acclimatised in Tahiti; but the fair descendants of these favoured bearers of presents must feel peculiar gratification when they reflect that they are but reviving the costume of their savage ancestors, and that the most fashionable attire of a civilised evening

party bears a marvellous resemblance to that which distinguished their own great grandmothers—being, in fact, a widely-expanded skirt, and very little else.

Amongst the profusion of vegetable life in this favoured island there were always some which were turned to good account by the natives in their skilful manufactures. Cocoa-nuts, bananas, potatoes, plantains, yams, sugar-cane, paper-mulberry figs, ananas, and bread-fruit, are the principal indigenous productions; but various other vegetables and fruits have been introduced, as well as grain for making bread. The bread-fruit tree was originally of the greatest value to the people; its fruit was their bread, its resinous juice served as pitch for caulking the canoes which



OCCUPATION OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS BY THE SPANIARDS.—(FROM A SKETCH BY E. MAUNORY.)

were built of its timber, and its bark afforded the fibrous material of which they made their rougher clothing. The crops of grain, arrowroot, indigo, and tobacco are now cultivated regularly, but in the earlier times the natives relied principally upon the natural resources of their fertile land for all that they required, and, as there can be no doubt that infanticide, internal wars, and other conditions of savagery had greatly reduced their population, this provision was found sufficient. The native cloth, of which we hear so much in the accounts of the earlier navigators, was made from the inner bark of the bread-fruit tree, from the paper-mulberry, and the hibiscus, from which latter ropes were also twisted. The dresses of men and women were nearly alike, and con-

sisted of cloth of various degrees of fineness, or, in bad weather, of a kind of fine matting, in making which they were very skilful. Two pieces of cloth or matting composed the dress, one of them having a hole in the middle through which the head was thrust, leaving the ends hanging before and behind, like those of the Mexican serape; the other piece, which was four or five yards long and a yard broad, served to wrap round the body. The ornaments were coloured feathers, pearls, and shells—a bunch of the former decorating the hair, which the men wore long, while that of the women was generally cut short. The Tahitians are a fine, and may be called a handsome, people, with open and intelligent faces, an olive or reddish-brown complexion, a well-defined

profile, and hair which, although black and crisp, is long and lustrous, being seldom woolly like that of the negro. At the time of their birth the Tahitian infants are very little darker than European children. The original characteristics of the Society Islanders were inquisitiveness, aptitude for instruction, and a sort of frank bonhomie widely differing from the sinking treachery of savages in general. They also possessed considerable acquaintance with subjects which betokened traditional knowledge; their mythological system was extremely curious and interesting; their division of time and method of decimal calculation were remarkably ingenious, and their legendary and satirical songs were striking examples of poetical com-

position. Although the natives are now dressed in a similar way to the European residents, and are, of course, provided with garments of cotton, woolen, or silk, the native cloth often forms a considerable part of their wardrobe, and with its bold patterns, brilliantly-dyed colours, and great width, is very effective, even in combination with European coats or shirts, as may be seen by our Engravings last week of some of the men who are employed otherwise than in agriculture. The Tahitians whose pictures appear in the present Number are types of the ordinary labouring population, and although the old garments have been modified they still retain some of their peculiarities, and are formed of native cloth; while the head covering often consists, not of the European hat, but of the original bonnet formed of



TAHITIAN MAN.



TAHITIAN WOMAN.

matting, or, still oftener, of a sort of coronet of broad leaves, to protect the brow from the sun.

The great difficulty which has stood in the way of the progress of Tahiti has been the necessity for breaking up the claims of the three castes into which the people were divided. These were the Arri or princes, whose almost sacred distinctions, dissolute lives, and cruel tyranny were destined to give way under better influences; the Raatira or small chiefs—lords of the manor, in fact; and the Manahuné or commoners. The priests occupied a special rank, and exercised an influence perhaps less than those who are supposed to conduct the spiritual affairs of other savage nations.

Superficially, Tahiti for some years after the first colonists settled

there presented perhaps the most fascinating side of savage life. The exquisite beauty of the scenery, the liveliness and even elegance of the people, the songs, the dances, the plentiful supply of food in that fine climate, the taste for ornament, and the mechanical skill of the natives—all invested life there with the sort of charm which commenced when the early mariners saw their boats surrounded by mermaid-like women with flowers in their hair as they stood in for the deep, blue water of Papeeté harbour. But, as in all savage life, this was but the surface beneath which infanticide, inconstancy, cruelty, and licentiousness prevailed. These semi-cultivated tastes, however, combined with a quick appreciation a frank, affectionate nature which is wonderfully free from jealousy. Savagery has now disappeared; and the modern Tahitian woman, the wife of a French or English colonist, is a quiet, respectable, and even ladylike mistress of a household. We have already spoken of the hats which are now the common head-dress of the people, and we may again allude to them as a very principal means of their civilisation. After the Queen had been persuaded by the missionaries to abandon the slight native dress, and to conceal the tatoo beneath European garments, a great change was soon effected, for many other changes follow a revision of costume, and clothing was in demand. The introduction of hats and bonnets was succeeded by an equal desire to reform the national head-dress; and the missionaries, wisely using fashion as the means of good, commenced the plaiting business, the first hats and bonnets being made by Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Threlkeld in Raiatea forty years ago. Those amongst the natives who possessed a complete European dress adopted the new head-covering at once; and, though several who were deficient in some of the ordinary garments declined to "make frights of themselves" until they could have everything in accordance, the rage for European bonnet-making may be said to have been the greatest step towards civilisation. The ordinary dress of the Tahitian women now consists of a loose robe of silk, muslin, or some light stuff, flowing freely from the neck, and a panama, or straw hat, with a black veil and plume. Their long, glossy hair is either suffered to fall negligently, or is gathered into two long and thick curls, not unlike the Alexandra curls of our present fashion. Indeed, the hair of the Tahitienne is an object of considerable care, and scented waters and unguents are used for its preservation and culture with a persistence equal to that of the European coiffure.

In our Engraving representing the congregation returning from chapel it will be seen that the sacred edifice is but an enlarged form of the native structures of poles, timbers, and coconut-leaf thatch. But the size of the mission chapel makes it a very striking building, and its construction is superior to the other ordinary erections. The centre of the roof is sustained with a number of pillars of the bread-fruit tree, while smaller columns support the

wall-plate at the sides. The walls themselves are composed of smooth planks; the roof is covered with the leaves of the pandanus; and light and ventilation are secured by means of a number of windows furnished with sliding shutters and several doors which afford ready ingress and egress. The light and elegant dresses of the women, full of bright and picturesque colours; the clear air, in which the broad leaves of the native trees shine with a sharp outline unknown in less-favoured climates; the picturesque building surmounted with a flag, and the distant prospect of hill and valley, richly wooded, with perhaps a glimpse of sea shining with a topaz light under the early sun, make a Sunday morning in Tahiti one of the most beautiful and suggestive scenes ever witnessed.



A NATIVE CONGREGATION LEAVING CHURCH.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 241.

MR. BUSFIELD FERRAND AGAIN.

What croaker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

It is Mr. Busfield Ferrand, readers, the redoubtable Mr. Busfield Ferrand, the member for Devonport, who used to represent Knaresborough, and, when he was in Parliament before, charged the manufacturers with having caused a famine by using flour to stiffen calico, and subsequently had to be brought to book by the Speaker for his violence of language, and to be tried and condemned by a Committee for slandering Sir James Graham. For many years Mr. Ferrand was out of the House; but now, for our sins, he is let loose upon us again. We have all of us heard of a bull in a china shop, and, though few of us have seen this wrong animal in a wrong place, by the help of our imagination we can fancy the scene before our mind's eye; we can fancy the bull, with tail stiffened, head down, now madly rushing upon a costly china vase, anon plunging into a phalanx of crockery, and then sweeping away by a charge whole regiments of glass tumblers and decanters in his reckless, indiscriminate rage, careless and unconscious of the mischief he is doing. Well, the Bull in the china-shop is a fair type and similitude of Mr. Ferrand in the House. There is, however, this difference between the two:—The damage done by the bull can be appraised, and compensation for it can be exacted of the owner of the animal to the last farthing. You cannot mend the crockery, but you can replace it. But Mr. Ferrand attacks character; and character, as we all know, when damaged, however unjustly, can seldom be made whole as it was before; and especially is this the case when the character of strangers is damaged by speeches made in the House of Commons. For, in the first place, you cannot bring the slanderer to book before a court of law. From all processes of law he is shielded by the privileges of the House; and, secondly, neither can you effectually in any other way contradict his slanders; for whilst winged words let loose in the House of Commons fly away to the remotest corners of the earth, and are read by millions of people, a contradiction by the slandered, if he be disposed to give one, can at most only limp behind in the columns of one or two papers, and will not be read by a hundredth part of those who have read the slander. Considerations like these ought to make members of Parliament put a severe restraint upon their tongues when they discuss cases in which the personal character of strangers is involved; and we are bound to say that generally members of the House do this; but Mr. Ferrand is utterly reckless. His liberty of speech is license, not liberty. He sees no more harm in damaging a stranger's character than the enraged bull in a china-shop sees in smashing a shellful of crockery. His tongue is indeed an unruly member.

HIS AUDACIOUS SPEECH.

The above is apropos to the speech upon the Charity Commission which Mr. Ferrand delivered on Thursday in last week. Mr. Ferrand rose about six o'clock, before dinner, when the House was well filled, and, we certainly must say, held the attention of the House well for an hour, if under the circumstances that can be any credit to him. But how different was the attention which we gave to Mr. Ferrand to that which our great speakers command! To them we listen with delight. To Mr. Ferrand we listened with astonishment—that sort of astonishment mingled with disgust with which we gaze at some huge misshapen monster, wondering why it was made. Not but that Mr. Ferrand has some of the natural gifts of a good speaker. He has a commanding appearance if you do not look at him too closely; he has a voice of tremendous power, but wanting in flexibility, and not unmusical when it does not rise into a roar; his action when kept within due bounds is dramatic and forcible; in short, it is but just to say that Mr. Ferrand has many of the physical qualities of an effective speaker. But here praise must stop. When we come to consider the matter of the speeches, justice can award nothing but censure. One of the most prominent faults in Mr. Ferrand is his total inability to observe. We have more than once said in these articles that the power to observe is one of the rarest faculties. Mr. Ferrand has none of this power. He can no more distinguish between a fact and a falsehood than a child two years old could select a genuine sovereign from a heap of counterfeits. Witness that speech of his on Thursday night. For some weeks past he has been sweeping the country for facts, listening in every quarter, opening his ear to every rumour. And all that he had heard he gave at once to the House, without the slightest hesitation, as indubitable facts. Mr. Ferrand is like a fisherman, if one could imagine such a man, who, having swept together in his net all sorts of rubbish—broken pots, weeds, sticks, stones, and empty shells—fancies that they are all fish; there may be a few fish in the net, and probably there were a few facts in Mr. Ferrand's net, but he had no eye to distinguish them from the rubbish. Secondly, Mr. Ferrand labours under a total incapacity for reasoning; indeed, we have said as much as this already, for the power to reason rightly is as necessary to the collection of facts as it is to the arranging of inferences therefrom; and if a man cannot discern a fact from a falsehood we may be quite sure that he is deficient in logical power. Some go so far as to say that Mr. Ferrand wilfully and knowingly propagates falsehoods, or, at all events, deliberately advances statements which he does not know to be true. But we do not believe that. His defect is mental, not moral. Such men are by no means uncommon; we meet with them every day; but, though we acquit Mr. Ferrand of propagating slanders wilfully and intentionally, it is impossible to hold him guiltless of a want of high-minded gentlemanly feeling. His attack upon the personal characters of the Charity Commission officials was simply barbarous and cruel; and it is quite impossible to acquit him of the charge of knowing at the time that he was wantonly inflicting pain. Neither is it any answer to say that he believed all he said was true. A high-minded English gentleman will not make serious charges which he believes to be true against absent men who he knows cannot reply. We have said that Mr. Ferrand has many of the physical qualifications which go to make a good speaker; we may further say, also, that he is naturally eloquent—that is to say, he has plenty of words at command. His speeches, though, if they were to be literally reported, all undressed and unpruned by the gentlemen in the gallery, would read rather strangely. Not that he makes serious slips in his grammar; his syntax, if not perfect, is tolerable; but when he uses figurative language he generally makes a queer hash of it. For example, he told the noble Lord at the head of the Government, that unless his Lordship did something—we forget what—"his lofty position would sink into the dust beneath his feet!" "What think you of that flight?" said a friend of ours, as we both sat listening to Mr. Ferrand. "Well," we replied, "in the words of the satirical poet,

"Tis a very good specimen on the whole,
Of the figure of speech called rignarole."

HOW IT WAS RECEIVED.

"But the House listened, you say, to Mr. Ferrand's speech." Yes, it listened; but do not imagine that it approved; nor fancy that the cheering and laughter which greeted the speech were intended for applause. The cheers were, for the most part, ironical; the laughter was provoked more by the speaker's blunders than his wit; for wit he has none. The House generally was, we believe, sorely pained by his speech. A few of our choice young spirits encouraged Mr. Ferrand with their applause, just as they cheer Mr. Whalley and applaud Mr. Darby Griffith, or as they would cheer on a dog to worry a cat in the street. Such spirits in youth often override the finer feelings of human nature. But the majority of the members by no means approved of this audacious speech. Some were indignant, and gave vent to their indignation by shouts of "Oh! oh!" and by ironical cheers. Others, chiefly old and grave men, held down their heads in sorrow and shame. Indeed, Mr. Ferrand's speech was generally felt to be a painful exhibition.

FOUL OF A SNAG.

Government getting through a Parliamentary Session is very much like a ship voyaging on the Mississippi or some other river of the

western continent. The rocks, and islands, and shallows, are all laid down upon the charts of these rivers, and the captains know them well; but not unfrequently they meet with what are called "snags" or trees torn up by the winter flood, and which are firmly fixed in the river bed. Very dangerous are these snags; for, as they cannot be perceived, they cannot be guarded against. And in the course of the Parliamentary Session the Government ship often meets with unexpected snags. It got foul of one on Friday night week—to wit, that bad Ashantee business, which Sir John Hay brought before the House. When Parliament met we had not received the news of the Ashantee catastrophe. This snag was not and could not have been foreseen by her Majesty's Ministry. A direct vote of want of confidence was on the chart as a probability, but no one could imagine that this danger would turn up. It was first discerned a fortnight ago, when Sir John Hay put his notice of motion on the paper, and it naturally excited alarm in the Government when they saw it; but forewarned, even though only for a short time, is forearmed; and though the Government were somewhat startled, they did not despair. Neither did they fear a wreck on Friday night; on the contrary, at ten o'clock, or even at twelve, they were confident and in good spirits; for then the numbers present were known, and if every man voted rightly the Government would have a majority of some twenty-five votes. But when the doors were shut a dark cloud came over Ministerial prospects, and well it might be so; for then it became known that every man would not vote rightly. There was evidently mutiny in the Radical camp, and, as no one knew exactly how far the mutiny had spread, the result of the division was uncertain. As certain Radicals were seen to march into the wrong lobby, Mr. Brand's countenance fell, and Colonel Taylor's spirits rose. One, two, or three, and so on up to ten were counted. Ten transferred from one side to the other make twenty votes. Depressing anxiety was felt on the Government side, exhilarating hope on the other. And, whilst the clerk was writing down the numbers handed in by the tellers, there was a silence as of death in the house; and no wonder, for there was all but an even chance for both parties. "And, if the Government should be defeated, you know, there is no alternative but a dissolution of Parliament, and we who are now sitting here as senators will in a fortnight or so be no senators, and many of us will never lift up our heads in Parliament again." The anxiety of that moment was absolutely sickening. "But, look! the clerk has now laid down his pen, and, by Jove, Brand has got the paper and Government has won!" A tremendous shout broke forth from the Liberal side as Mr. Brand took the paper and walked to the right to deliver it at the table. But the shouting was still more vociferous when it was found that Government had won only by seven, for then both sides shouted—the Liberals, that they had won—the Conservatives, because the majority was so small. The uproar lasted at least two minutes, and only ceased when both sides were exhausted. The Government ship thus got clear of this snag; but it is not out of danger, nor will it be until it shall fairly get into Vacation Harbour.

THE LAMENTABLE STORY OF A BILL.

On the other side of the Irish Channel there is an augean stable—to wit, the Court of Chancery—which has long been as great an offence as our Chancery Court was in the days when George III. was King, and Eldon kept the King's conscience. Now it came into the mind of Mr. O'Hagan, the Irish Attorney-General, to clean out this filthy place, and by so doing to achieve for himself name and fame, and to secure what is better than empty praise, the solid pudding of much and valuable patronage; and, accordingly, he brought in a bill called the Irish Chancery Bill. This bill on its appearance was, of course, stoutly opposed by the Irish members on the other side of the house, with Mr. Whiteside at their head. Naturally, for as they said, "The Government is rickety—soon must inevitably fall, and then we shall be on the Treasury Bench. We must, then, defeat this bill, for in due time we can bring in a bill, and gain the fame and solid pudding which O'Hagan is ambitious to obtain." Nevertheless, the bill by hard struggling got over its first and second reading, and was fixed for Committee on Tuesday last, but then it came to grief, in manner following:—Mr. Whiteside and his friends determined, as we have said, to oppose, and, if possible, to wreck this measure; but as they despaired of conquering success by force of votes, they resorted to craft and guile; adopted, as we may say, the Fabian policy of delay. First, they tried to prevent the making of a House that morning. They planted themselves in the lobby, and persuaded Irish and other Conservative members not to go in, and for half an hour, notwithstanding the blandishment of the whips and the manoeuvres of Sir Robert Peel, they succeeded.

IT GETS INTO COMMITTEE.

At last, however, the House was made, and the bill, Whiteside and his friends strangely loitering in the lobby the while, got into Committee, and when the chief of the Opposition, suddenly waking up, rushed into the House, he found that eleven out of the 300 clauses had been passed. Very wrathful was Whiteside when he discovered what had been done whilst he had been idling.

The bill, then, was again fairly launched. "But shall it pass? No, by St. Patrick and all the saints, we will talk out the time. There are but three hours and a half; and if half a dozen Irishmen cannot occupy three hours and a half in talk they are degenerate indeed." And so, the Titan of Irish debate rose, and having promptly moved "that the chairman do leave the chair," and sent for a glass of water, he girded up his strength and began his task. He talked for two hours and a quarter, and then he sat down; not that he was tired or spent, but because he then saw land, and knew that his allies could easily accomplish the remainder of the task. After him came Mr. Vance. He was followed by O'Hagan, who, of course, must reply; then Sir Edward Grogan rose; and, following him, Mr. Butt. And now the goal is all but reached, for the hand of the clock stands at three minutes to four.

COMES TO GRIEF.

If our readers would understand what followed they must mark well. It is three minutes to four. If Mr. Butt, or anybody else, had talked till four, this would have happened: The business would have been suspended, and, in due course, the bill would have come on again. But, when Mr. Butt sat down, no one rose; and, late as it was, Mr. Massey proceeded to put the question in due form, and, having done so, a division was taken, and the motion, "that the Chairman do leave the chair," was carried by a majority of one. "Well," our readers will say, "and what of that? The House will go into Committee another day and proceed with the bill." But, no; it is not so; for the motion was not that the Chairman "do report progress," but that "he do leave the chair," without order to report, and, this being so, he cannot report; and, as the House is, officially, entirely ignorant of what was done, the bill is hung up, or in a state of suspended animation; in fact, lost for this Session, unless the House, by special resolution, should choose to revive it.

HOW THE MISHAP OCCURRED.

But this is not the worst. The bill was destroyed by its own friends. First, the Government officials at three minutes to four went home, thinking there would not be a division. If they had stopped two minutes longer Whiteside's motion would have been defeated easily. But, lastly—and this is the worst blunder of all—Sir Colman O'Loughlin, an ardent friend of the bill, went into the wrong lobby. Yes. How it happened it is difficult to understand; but the learned gentleman, somehow, instead of voting with the "Noes" voted with the "Ayes," and this unfortunate vote all but killed the bill. If he had voted right, Whiteside's motion would have been defeated, instead of carried, by one.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE WORKING MEN OF YORK.—A few days ago the non-electors of York, at a public meeting, agreed to present to Mr. Gladstone an address of thanks for his declaration on the subject of reform. The address, a most admirable one, was splendidly engrossed, bound in a quarto book, and presented by Mr. Westhead, M.P., and Mr. George Leaman, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The right honourable gentleman, in his reply, says he accepts the address as an evidence that the well-intentioned efforts of a public man will receive appreciation. He begs that his thanks may not only be accepted by those who agreed to the address, but by all whose sentiments with regard to the franchise accord with theirs.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17.
HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE COUNTY COURTS BILL.

The LORD CHANCELLOR announced that, owing to the impossibility of getting the County Courts Act Amendment Bill through the house this Session, he should withdraw it, with a view of reintroducing it next Session.

THE DANISH QUESTION.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH then called the attention of their Lordships to the present position of the negotiations on the Dano-German question, and pointing out the fact that the armistice between the Danes and Germans should be at an end in nine days' time, and inferring that if the Conference Denmark in the possession of her islands, asked whether measures had been taken for putting the fleet in such a state as to make it equal at once to blockade the German ports and also defend Denmark.

Earl RUSSELL said the Treaty of 1862 was not a treaty of guarantee, and early in the complications France had declared that she would not take up arms in defence of it. The English Government had been a good deal misrepresented by its enemies. The fleet was quite prepared for any service that might be required of it.

The Earl of DERBY thought the interference of Parliament while the negotiations were in progress might be injurious. The time was, however, rapidly coming when the question of peace or war or dishonour to the country must be decided, and then it would be for Parliament to pronounce upon the policy of the Government. Parliament would not separate till the Conference came to a conclusion; and if delays took place Parliament would be necessitated to raise its voice in the settlement of the question.

After a few words from the Marquis of CLANRICARDE, Earl RUSSELL said in a few days the Powers represented in the Conference would either come to an arrangement for a peaceful settlement of the question or else the armistice would cease and war would be renewed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

Sir J. HAY directed attention to the circumstances which led to the recent war with the King of Ashantee, and the measures taken to provide for the troops required on that service. He complained that the war had been carried on without the sanction or knowledge of the House; that the arrangements made for the comfort and supply of the troops were most defective and insufficient; that they had been conceived and executed in the most niggardly spirit, with a total disregard to the health of the men; and that a frightful mortality had ensued alike amongst officers and rank and file. The hon. and gallant member, in conclusion, moved that the Government, in landing forces on the Gold Coast for the purpose of waging war against the King of Ashantee without making sufficient provision for preserving the health of the troops to be employed there, had incurred grave responsibility, and that the House lamented the want of foresight which had caused so large a loss of life.

Lord HAUGHTINGTON defended the Government against the attacks of the hon. member, and a long debate ensued; after which the House divided, when there appeared:—For Sir J. Hay's motion, 226; against it, 233; majority in favour of the Government, 7.

MONDAY, JUNE 20.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE CONFERENCE.

Mr. DISRAELI asked whether the Prussian Minister at the last sitting of the Conference had stated that if the German ports were blockaded the German Powers would resort to privateering; secondly, he wished to know whether, if the Conference broke up its proceedings, hostilities would recommence on the 26th; thirdly, he wished to know whether, if the Conference concluded its business on Wednesday, the protocols would be immediately placed on the table of the house.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in the absence of Lord Palmerston, suggested that the questions should be put on the paper to be answered the next day.

Mr. DISRAELI did not think that necessary. He was justified in putting the questions without formal notice.

Mr. B. OSBORNE asked what significance was to be attached to the words uttered by Earl Russell in the House of Lords to the effect that the fleet was fully prepared for any service it might be called upon to render? Was it one of those idle threats which had already been too frequently used, or did it indicate a bona fide intention to commit the suicidal act of plunging this country into a war with Germany?

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER persisted that he would not answer the questions, and that they ought to be put upon the paper.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD trusted the House would insist on having a definite answer to the questions. Every member of the Cabinet must be aware of what had passed at the Conference.

Lord J. MANNERS was insisting that some member of the Government should answer the questions, when Lord Palmerston entered the House, and was received with cheers. Lord J. Manners then repeated the questions which had been put by Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Osborne repeated his question.

Lord PALMERSTON said Earl Russell was asked whether the fleet was in a condition to go to the Baltic or anywhere, and he said it was. He (Lord Palmerston) now repeated that the fleet was capable of performing any service required of it. He did not indicate a particular service, but any service. With regard to the questions put by Mr. Disraeli, he would rather not say what passed at the Conference. The armistice expired on Sunday, and if the belligerent parties came to no arrangement before then as to the boundary or the further suspension of hostilities the hostilities would recommence. When the negotiations were concluded no delay that could be avoided should take place in bringing the papers before Parliament.

Mr. BRIGHT did not believe that the Opposition had any more desire for peace than the Government, but the country had a great interest in knowing what the noble Lord would tell them. He quite understood that it was not the duty of a Minister to divulge facts which he was pledged to keep secret, but he thought it would be better if the noble Lord would tell them all he could. He (Mr. Bright) should be glad if the noble Lord would tell them that peace was likely to come out of the negotiations.

Lord PALMERSTON knew the interest felt by the country, and regretted that his tongue was tied. He would only say that the Government was labouring incessantly to bring the belligerents to an agreement, and he hoped to be able to show that, if it did not succeed, the fault did not lie with them.

THE GOALS BILL.

After a general expression of satisfaction with this bill as it had come from the hands of the Select Committee, the measure was read a third time and passed.

THE GAOLS BILL.

Sir G. GREY moved the second reading of the Gaols Bill. The measure was in great part founded on the recommendations of a Committee of the House of Lords. Some of these recommendations—such as uniformity of diet, punishment, and the definition of hard labour—it had not been found practicable to carry out. The measure gave no power to the Secretary of State to do what he could not do at present, but it made regulations in regard to the exercise of his power.

Mr. NEWDEGATE proposed an amendment that the bill should be read that day three months.

After a long debate, the amendment was negatived by 116 to 49, and the bill was read a second time.

THE COLLECTION OF TAXES BILL.

The adjourned debate on the third reading of the Collection of Taxes Bill was resumed by Sir J. TROLLOPE, who moved its rejection.

A lengthy discussion followed; and, upon a division, the bill was thrown out by 132 votes to 128.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Earl of Derby asked whether Lord Lyons had been instructed to demand explanation and reparation from the Washington Government for the demand and imprisonment of Mr. Levy, a Montreal merchant.

Earl Russell replied that the latest despatches of Lord Lyons contained no reference to the case, but he would make inquiry into the matter.

The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Attorneys and Solicitors' Remuneration Bill. The object of the measure is to allow attorneys and solicitors to make any special contracts with their clients in respect to remuneration.

After a short discussion, the bill was read a second time and referred to a Select Committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE BALLOT.

Mr. BERNERDY moved a resolution declaring it to be expedient that the votes at the next general election should be taken by ballot. He contended that a fair opportunity would, by the adoption of his resolution, be afforded for testing the value of the ballot.

Mr. LOCKE seconded the motion.

Lord PALMERSTON opposed the resolution. He believed public opinion was less in favour of the ballot than formerly. His Lordship repeated his usual argument that the right of voting was not a personal right but a trust, and that, therefore, it ought to be exercised openly. Moreover, the ballot was opposed to the habits of Englishmen.

The House divided, when the motion was negatived by 212 votes to 123.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.

Mr. HENNESSY moved a resolution declaring it expedient that some measures should be taken to put a stop to the emigration from Ireland. The emigration was now greater than it had ever been, and the population was lessening. The effect had been to decrease not only the production of cereal

crops, but also the quantity of live stock in the country. The poor-rates had increased, and the wages of the labourers had decreased. He suggested as remedies that measures should be introduced to improve the law as to the tenure of land, and to promote public works, such as the reclamation of waste lands.

Sir R. PREL admitted that until recently he had not realised the full extent of the condition of Ireland. The country had passed through a most momentous crisis, but there was now a wondrous revival in its prospects. Emigration had begun to decrease. It had, however, been of the utmost value to the country, for there could be no doubt there had been a redundant population in Ireland, and the landlords had been anxious to assist emigration as much as possible. With respect to the agriculture of the country, he admitted there had been a decline in some respects, but in others there had been an improvement. The cultivation of flax had increased. Much might, no doubt, be done to reclaim waste lands, but he would not pledge the Government to the carrying out of the expensive schemes which had been proposed. Capital and labour were now co-operating successfully in developing the agricultural resources of Ireland, and everything that could be done for the improvement of the condition of the people would have the attention of the Government.

An interesting discussion followed, in which Mr. Maguire, Mr. Monnell, Sir P. O'Brien, Mr. McMahon, Lord Athlumney, Mr. Whiteside, Mr. Blake, Mr. P. O'Riordan, Sir F. Heygate, and Sir G. Bowyer took part.

Lord PALMERSTON said what was wanted in Ireland was capital to promote manufactures. The people in emigrating were seeking to get better wages. The condition of the country was improving. He hoped the motion would not be pressed, as it would have a tendency to raise expectations which could not be realised.

Mr. HENNESSY said he should press the motion.

Sir G. GREY moved the previous question.

Several members urged that the motion should be withdrawn, but Mr. Hennessy pressed it to a division, when it was lost by 80 votes to 52.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE IRISH COURT OF CHANCERY BILL.

Mr. O'HAGAN complained that the motion on the previous day, that the Chairman should leave the chair, when the House was in Committee on the Court of Chancery (Ireland) Bill, had been carried by surprise. He moved that the House should on Thursday go into Committee again on the bill.

Mr. LONGFIELD opposed the motion, and Mr. WHITESIDE contended that the division on the previous day was fatal to the bill.

The SPEAKER, however, held that it was not, and after some further discussion the motion was agreed to.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

The House then went into Committee on the Weights and Measures (Metric System) Bill.

Mr. EWART stated that an arrangement had been come to with the President of the Board of Trade, by virtue of which he proposed to omit the second clause and the succeeding ones, with the view of substituting others in their place.

After a short discussion, the clauses were struck out, and others recognising the legality of contracts made on the metric system having been moved and agreed to, the Chairman reported progress, and the House resumed.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES (SCOTLAND) BILL.

Sir J. HAY moved the second reading of the Bank of England Notes (Scotland) Bill, the object of which was to make Bank of England notes a legal tender in Scotland; but, after some discussion, the bill was withdrawn.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

Earl RUSSELL said that, a few evenings ago, he had stated that in a few days either preliminaries for peace would be arranged between Germany and Denmark, or war would be recommenced. He was sorry to say that the latter alternative was likely to be the result, and that hostilities would probably be resumed on Sunday. On Monday next he proposed to lay on the table the protocol of the Conference, and, in so doing, to state the general course of the negotiations.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE CONFERENCE.

Mr. DISRAELI said he wished to take this opportunity of inquiring whether the noble Lord at the head of the Government had any communication to make with regard to the Conference.

Lord PALMERSTON said the question was naturally a very important one, and he was quite aware that the anxiety, not only of the House, but of the country, was entitled to some communication from her Majesty's Government. The Conference met yesterday afternoon after the Levee, and adjourned its sitting until Saturday next. The probability was that that meeting would be the last and final meeting, and it would be his duty on Monday to lay on the table of the House all the papers connected with the proceedings of the Conference, and, he hoped, including those of Saturday next. He should deem it his duty, as would Earl Russell in the other House, to accompany those papers with a statement relating to matters on which the papers bore.

WEIGHING OF GRAIN (PORT OF LONDON) BILL.

Mr. CRAWFORD moved the second reading of this bill. After a deal of discussion respecting the character of the bill—as to its being a public or a private one—it was read a second time, with the understanding that it was to be referred to a Select Committee.

NATIONAL EDUCATION (IRELAND).

The order of the day was then read for the adjourned debate upon the motion of Sir H. Cairns, "That, in the opinion of this House, the rules sanctioned by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland on the 21st of November, 1863, are, so far as regards their operation on the aid afforded to convent and monastic schools, at variance with the principles of the system of national education."

The O'CONNOR DON commenced the adjourned debate, and, in a lengthened speech, opposed the resolutions.

The debate occupied the remainder of the sitting.

REMOVAL OF METROPOLITAN TURNPIKES.—On Monday morning workmen commenced the removal of the toll-bars at Camden Town and other places. The new Act, 26 and 27 Victoria, cap. 78, will take effect after twelve o'clock on Thursday week, the 30th inst., and will abolish on and from that time eighty-one gates and bars, free fifty-one miles of road, and reduce the tolls in the country districts—Hounslow, Brentford, Ealing, Uxbridge, Harrow, Edgware, Tottenham, Enfield, Edmonton, Lea Bridge-road, &c.—to 1d. for every horse not drawing; 2d. every horse drawing; every score of oxen, &c., 5d.; calves, sheep, &c., per score, 2d. The gates and bars so to be removed on the 1st of July are: Fulham—Walham-green, Earl's-court, and all gates and side-bars in the district; Kensington—Hammersmith, Notting-hill, and all gates and side-bars in Kensington and Hammersmith; Harrow-road, Kilburn, and all gates and side-bars; Camden Town—King's-road-gate, High-street, Chalk-farm, Haverstock-hill-gate, and all gates and side-bars; Camden-road—Brecknock-gate and all gates and side-bars in Camden-road, &c.; Kentish Town—Gate in road and all gates and side-bars near, and at Gloucester-place, &c.; Holloway-road, Islington, and Ball's-pond—all gates and side-bars; Kingsland-road—Cambridge-heath, Hackney, and all gates and side-bars in Hackney, Clapton, and Stoke Newington; Twickenham and Teddington—all gates and bars; and the City-road-gate and all gates and side-bars.

EXTRAORDINARY DUEL AT HEIDELBERG.—Late in the evening of the 15th a student belonging to the body of the Swabians was found lying on the ground weltering in his blood. He had discharged a pistol in the region of the heart; but the ball, having been turned aside by touching a rib, missed the heart, passed through the lungs, and lodged under the right shoulder-blade, whence it was afterwards extracted. At first the natural belief was that voluntary suicide had been intended; but some letters, which had been written by the student, showed that he had been the victim of a shameful kind of duel. A foreign student had been grossly insulted by the Swabian, and satisfaction was demanded; but instead of fighting in the usual way, an agreement was come to to draw lots which of the two should destroy himself within a delay of a fortnight. The lot fell on the Swabian. When the time was about to expire the young man, whose father was dangerously ill, solicited an extension of the delay, but the request was refused, and the attempt at self-destruction was consequently made. Some hopes are entertained that the wound will not prove fatal, but all the entreaties of the heads of the University and of his friends cannot extort from him a promise not to repeat the desperate act. To all their solicitations his only answer is, "I have not pledged my honour to seriously wound myself, but to put an end to my life, and I will keep my promise."

A BIRD'S-NEST IN A LETTER-BOX.—In the avenue leading to Burnfoot House there is placed a small box in which the passing postman may drop the letters or papers, and in that box has lately been discovered a bird's-nest, tenanted by a black-headed thistle-finch, which had there taken up its abode, heedless of the daily bustle caused by the insertion and removal of the letters. It must have been a work of no small difficulty for the bird to convey through the narrow opening of the box all the materials for the nest, but it had managed to do so, and complete the structure without being observed by any one. She has now hatched nine young ones, and is so tame that when the man opens the box to take out the letters she remains on the nest, and will allow herself to be caressed, but if a stranger goes near when the box is closed the pecks and otherwise shows signs of anger.—*Annan Observer.*

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

ROOM FOR THE JUDGES.

THERE are probably but few of our readers who have not at some period or another had occasion to visit an English court of law. We scarcely admit the townhalls and village market-places, in which assizes are ordinarily held, as entitled to such a designation. These are but temporarily required—at most twice in the year—for the purpose to which they are applied during the sessions. We refer to the metropolitan courts, the highest of which enjoy but brief periods of vacation, while others are compelled to keep open almost unceasingly throughout the year.

Whoever has been compelled to pass hour after hour in one of our superior courts of judicature will be ready to testify to the ingenuity which appears to have exhausted itself in rendering the building as unfit as possible for its purpose. There is not one of them which is adapted for the pressure of ordinary business, far less for such not uncommon contingencies as the hearing of a cause known to be of popular interest. Westminster Hall, against which an indignant outcry has lately been made by several of our Judges, is, after all, about the best sample of our national accommodation for the hearing of causes. Yet there the chambers allotted to the several courts have, with the exception of the Queen's Bench, been apparently contrived for the exclusion of the public, while delusively offering admission to all comers. Barristers, witnesses, attorneys' clerks, jurymen, and idlers wedge themselves into an almost impenetrable mass. Every few minutes throughout the sitting of the Court, some gaping rustic paterfamilias brings in his wondering olive-branches, to squeeze, to stare, and to retire, elbowing their way out as they entered. It is a matter of traditional duty with them to perform this process at each Court in succession, and when they return to the country they proudly vaunt their performance of the pilgrimage, and start their friends up to town to do likewise. The Courts of Bankruptcy are simply grimy dens, at which during the greater portion of the day the proceedings would, to a stranger, be perfectly unintelligible, from the bustle, the noise, and the chatter going on in every part of the room; where nobody seems to be addressing anybody in particular, and where, if a presiding judicial functionary happens to be present (he is not usually so, as a rule) he might to a casual observer appear to grant his attention to what is taking place before him only on extraordinary occasions. But the smallness of the courts is not the only fault connected with them; they are too few in number as well. Only last week one court, in which three Judges sat, could find no suitable *habitat*, and had to take refuge in an upper room, in which there was great difficulty in seating their Lordships in a decent, not to say comfortable, manner, and to which it was next to impossible for suitors, attorneys, and others, to find their way.

As for our Central Criminal Courts, no pen could do justice to their horrible discomfort. They literally reek with foul atmosphere and fumes of liquor. Few but the strongest and most temperate can remain long in them without resorting to stimulants. The gin-shops in and near the Old Bailey drive a rare trade in consequence at sessions time. Prosecutors, witnesses, sham attorneys, police, and thieves alike oscillate between the courthouse and the taproom. It can scarcely be but this kind of thing tells upon the evidence towards the evening. Certainly, matters were once worse; before after-dinner sittings were prohibited, and the public was spared for the future the disgrace of beholding upon the Bench flustered Judges sentencing wretches after verdicts by fuddled juries. But even now, we would engage that no greater sum of inebriety could be displayed in an equal space upon any occasion or in any place in England than that to be met with any evening during the sessions just before the close of an Old Bailey sitting.

The worst of all this is, that it is utterly needless. Spacious and commodious buildings could be at least as easily erected and fitted for the dispensation of justice as for the trilling of vocalists or the performance of punsters' burlesques. And yet, we say it advisedly, there is not a court of judicature throughout the country so well adapted to its purpose as the very smallest of our minor theatres. If any speculator were to endeavour to obtain a license for a theatre or music-hall for any one of our present halls of justice when deserted, as they must be shortly, his application would be refused on the ground of insufficient accommodation. Yet theatres and music-halls sink into insignificance in point of mere attraction when compared with courts of law. In these the characters are not acted, but real. Tragedy, comedy, and farce there hold place, guided and controlled by the highest learning, experience, and wisdom to be found in the land. Crowds have assembled to hear the fictitious trial of Effie Deans. Scenes fully as sensational, yet real, occur frequently enough in our law courts. There the true romance, the hidden springs of human actions, eloquence, wit, individuality—the actual social history and types of the age—are held forth to a public, which by architectural caprice is prevented, unless compelled by hard legal necessity, from entering the doors or from remaining in the sickly, foul atmosphere to be inspired within them.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MONDAY, the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Queen's accession to the British throne, was celebrated in the usual loyal manner.

THE PRINCE OF WALES held a Levee, on Wednesday, at St. James's Palace, which was very numerous attended.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA arrived at Carlsbad on Wednesday morning, and the King of Prussia, accompanied by Herr von Bismarck, immediately paid a visit to the Emperor.

A REVIEW of the volunteers and yeomanry of the midland counties took place on Wednesday in the Duke of Buckingham's extensive and picturesque park at Stowe. The reviewing officer was Colonel M'Murdo, and the affair was one of the most successful events of the kind which have yet taken place.

THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FIRST STONE of the internal cornice of the new roof at the Guildhall was performed on Wednesday by the architect, in the presence of the commissioners appointed to superintend the improvements which are now being effected in that venerable edifice. The original roof will, as far as possible, be reproduced in the new one.

A MEETING to organise an agitation for an extension of the franchise was held in the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen-street, on Wednesday evening. The meeting was well attended, and resolutions in accordance with the objects in view were passed.

The *Gazette de France* gravely informs its readers that "Smith O'Brien died in exile at Bangor, in the East Indies."

MR. SPOONER, M.P. for North Warwickshire, is seriously ill.

MR. JUSTICE SHEE has had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him.

ONE HUNDRED INDIVIDUALS confined in the prisons at Tripolizza, Greece, have escaped and taken some direction unknown, accompanied by the sentinels and a part of the soldiers of the post, who favoured their escape.

MRS. GRANT is reported to have full confidence in the success of General Grant, because "he is a very obstinate man."

A WIDOW NAMED LEROY has just died at Marbais, in the province of Namur, at the age of 105. She had never suffered from any illness, and retained her faculties to the last.

A BOILER EXPLOSION, by which three lives were lost, occurred on Saturday, at Sharnoll Colliery, near Wakefield. At an inquest held the same day on two of the deceased, a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS have had their final interview with M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and have left Paris to return to their own country. They have signed a convention confirming former treaties, have apologised for the murder of a French officer in Japan, and have given guarantees for the payment of an indemnity for this and other outrages on French subjects.

THE FRENCH have a legend of their St. Médard, which agrees precisely with the superstition regarding our St. Swithin, that if it rains on his anniversary, which is on the 8th of June, it will rain for the forty days following.

THE NUMBER OF PRIVATES present at the militia training of 1863 was 92,952—namely, 60,110 in England and Wales, 8,542 in Scotland, and 24,300 in Ireland. The sums paid for enlistment amounted to £64,319 for the year ending the 5th of April, 1864.

THE SILK CROP IN FRANCE has now been gathered, and is found to be inferior to that of last year. Cocoons have proved to be deficient in weight. Some lots which it was expected would have produced 100 kilogrammes of silk weighed only seventy.

THE GOLD MEDAL presented to General Washington by Congress on the evacuation of Boston by the British, and the only gold one ever presented to him, has been purchased by a few gentlemen of Delaware, and will be presented to Lieutenant-General Grant. The sum paid for the medal is over 5000 dol.

ON SATURDAY LAST, the anniversary day of the Battle of Waterloo, after a lapse of forty-nine years, 137 gallant officers above the rank of Lieutenant survived. The rank of these officers may be summarised as follows:—Generals, 21; Lieutenant-generals, 19; major-generals, 28; colonels, 25; Lieutenant-colonels, 25; majors, 15; and captains, 4.

PAIKER, a Federal soldier, with a great passion for skirmishing, got many yards in advance of the other skirmishers, when he saw a Confederate whose enthusiasm in the same gentle direction must have been equal to his own. Greyback saw Parker also. They simultaneously raised their pieces and fired, and both fell dead, shot in the forehead.

DUMAS was lately vaunting to a fellow *littérateur* of the beauty of Naples, and disparaging Paris. The Parisian tartly replied that it was known that the city was so dirty it was impossible to put a foot down anywhere in safety. "But the sky is pure and celestial," said Dumas. "Yes," responded his antagonist, "because it is beyond the reach of the Neapolitans to dirty it."

DURING AN ENGAGEMENT IN GEORGIA two bullets passed through the head of a Confederate soldier, making four holes, at which the brains were oozing out, and, astonishing to tell, he was perfectly conscious, and conversed intelligently concerning his situation, and was anxious to know the doctor's opinion of his case. He was alive thirty-six hours after the wound was inflicted.

A GERMAN NAMED HERLICK, who had been committed to the House of Detention on a charge of stealing a parcel at the Victoria Railway station, committed suicide in his cell by hanging himself on Monday morning. He contrived to effect his purpose by removing the straps by which his ham-mock was suspended, fastening them together, and so making a halter of them.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING YACHT-RACES that has ever occurred was begun on Saturday last and finished between five and six o'clock on Sunday afternoon. It was a race from Gravesend to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. Eight vessels started, and after an exciting contest of a day and a quarter, in which, as may be imagined, there were a good many changes of position, the victory was won by Sir J. Dunbar's *Madcap*.

A YANKEE PRINTER, whose first son was a very short, fat little fellow, named him "Brevier Full-faced Smith."

THE TRANSPORTATION-TRAIN of the army of the Potomac would make a line of waggon sixty-two miles and a half in length.

A CLERGYMAN residing in Western Massachusetts recently went to Washington and told Secretary Stanton that he would take Richmond if the Secretary would "take charge of the Congregational church on Chester-hill." The clergyman had been as much troubled in regulating his church affairs as the secretary had with military matters, and he thought if an exchange of work could be made it would at least be a relief to him.

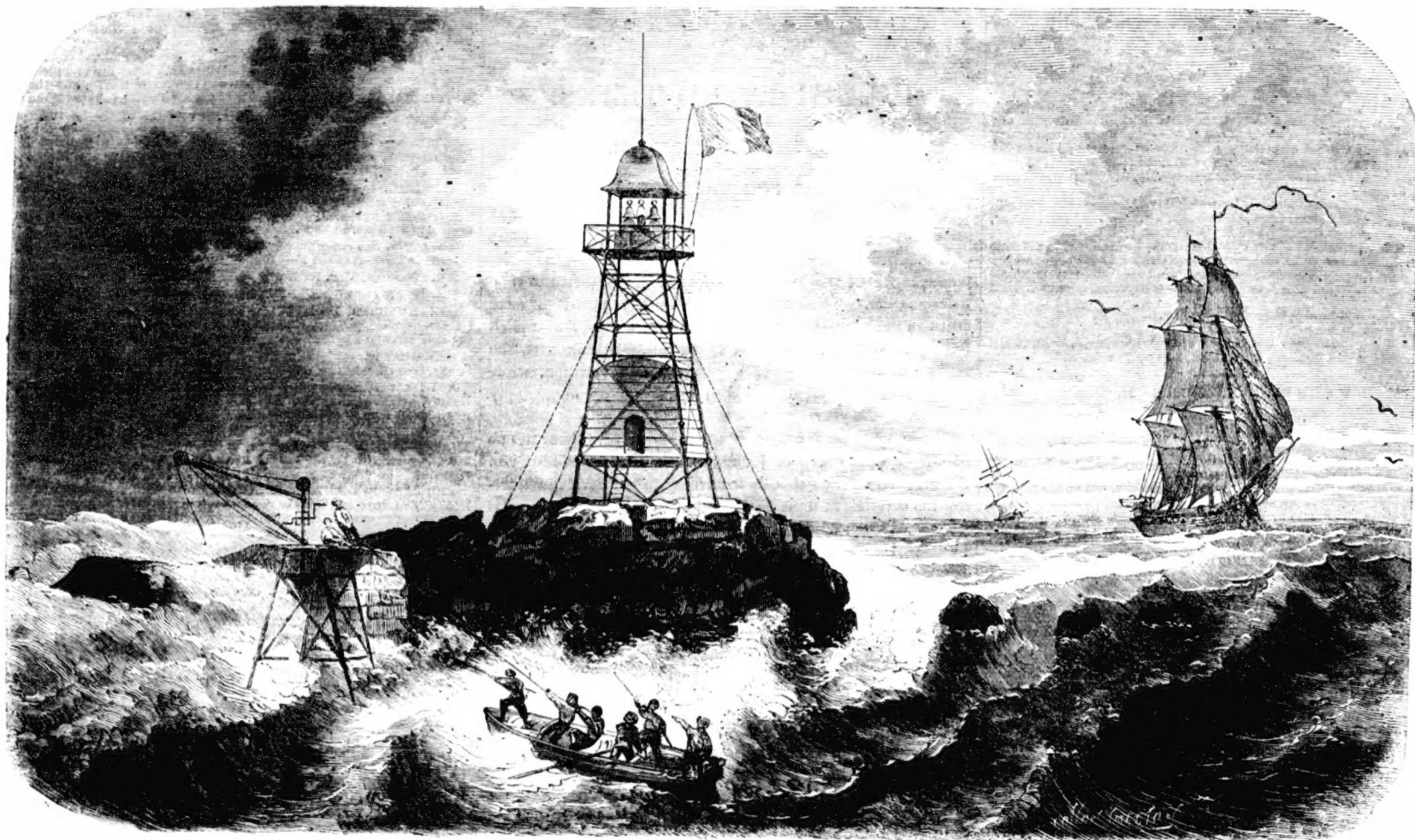
OBITUARY.

MARQUIS DE FERRIERE-LE-VAYER.—The Marquis de Ferrière-le-Vayer, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for France to the King of the Belgians, has just died at Brussels. He had been suffering for a long time from neuralgia pains which led to a carbuncle in the back of the neck. This malady, which at first inspired no uneasiness, suddenly assumed a development so rapid that his medical attendants were unable to arrest it. The deceased, who formerly published some interesting recollections of a voyage which he had made to China in the suite of the French legation, had been Minister at Weimar, Dresden, Stuttgart, and Hanover, before being appointed to Brussels.

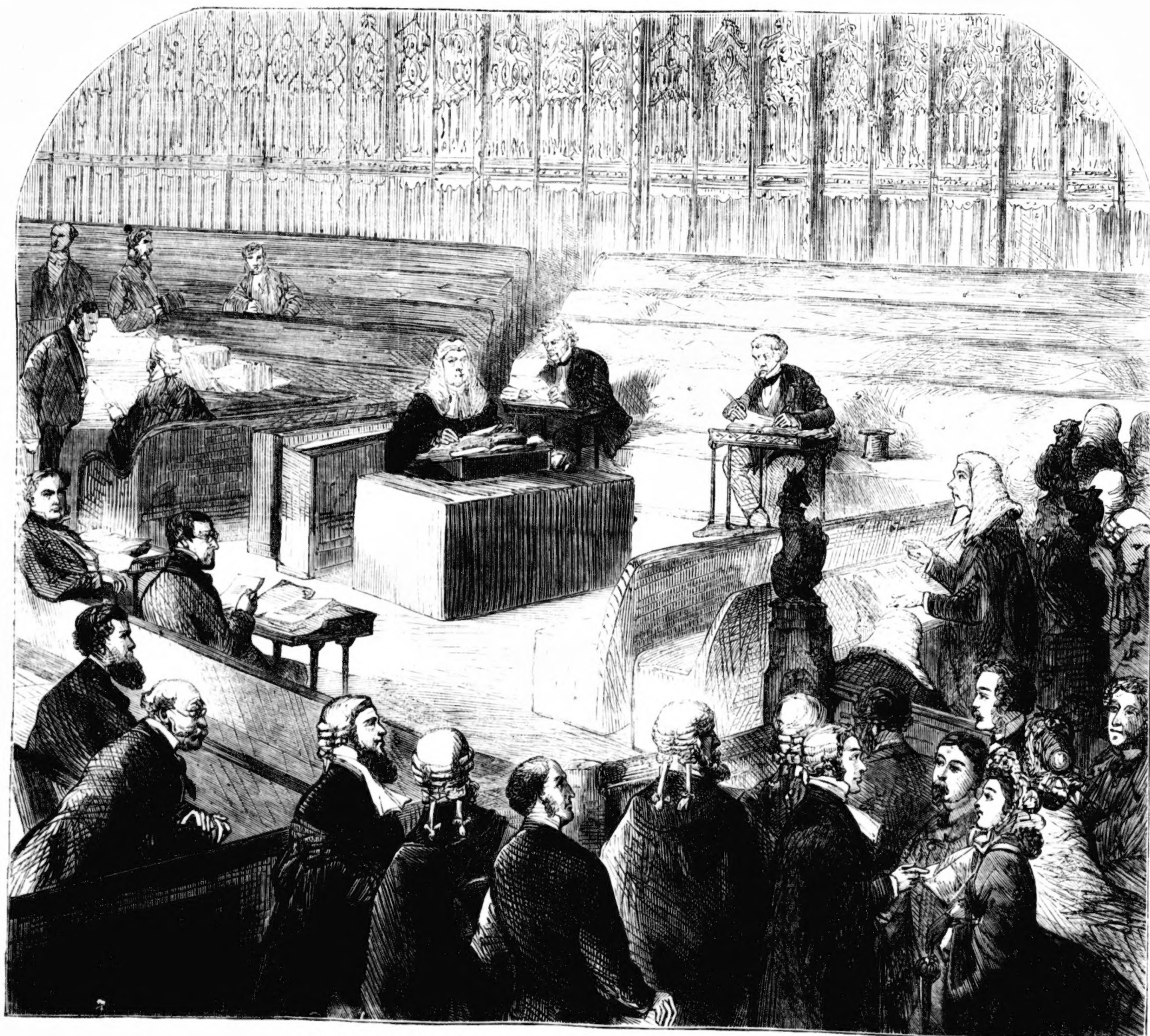
PROFESSOR MILLER, OF EDINBURGH.—Mr. James Miller, Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, died on Friday week, at the age of fifty-two. The deceased gentleman was the son of the late Rev. James Miller, Minister of Monkrie, in Forfarshire. He studied medicine in Edinburgh, and was the favourite pupil of Mr. Liston, with whom he resided for fifteen years—for five years as his assistant—and who, before leaving Edinburgh for London, introduced him to all his patients. In 1842, on the death of Sir Charles Bell, Mr. Miller was unanimously elected by the Town Council to fill the chair of Surgery in Edinburgh University, where he was a very popular and successful teacher. Mr. Miller was also Professor of Pictorial Anatomy to the Royal Academy, and was Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Queen for Scotland. As a consulting surgeon his services were highly esteemed, and both in the scientific and practical parts of his profession he maintained a high reputation.

A STEAMER BURNED, AND LOSS OF FIFTY LIVES.—Intelligence was received in Liverpool on Wednesday of the destruction by fire of the splendid New York river steamer *Berkshire*. The intelligence comes via New York, and is dated June 9. The despatch says:—"The steamer *Berkshire* was burned at Esopus Island, eight miles below Rondout. The fire originated in the lamp-room, caused by the explosion of a lamp. The steamer had about 150 passengers. A strong south wind blew the flames aft, preventing many of the passengers from going forward. She was grounded with only four feet of water at the beam. Forty or fifty passengers are supposed to be lost. The boat was built only six weeks ago. She was furnished in splendid style. The hull was burnt to the water's edge. The boat was valued at 200,000 dol."

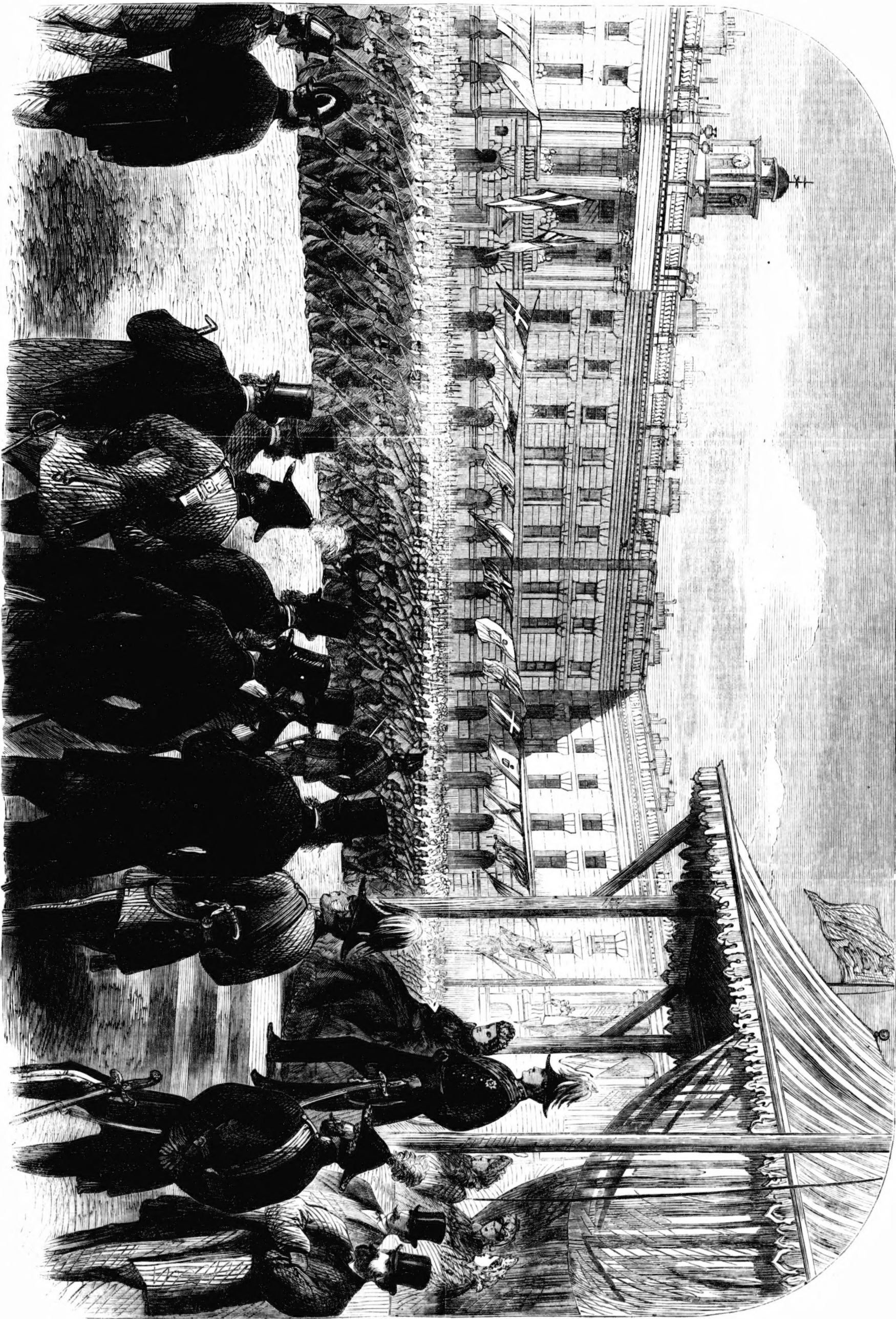
MR. COBDEN AND THE REPRESENTATION OF ROCHDALE.—Mr. Cobden, writing to the chairman of the Rochdale Reform Association, says:—"I am duly favoured with your letter inclosing the resolution of the general committee of the Rochdale Reform Association, informing me of the intention of the Conservatives to bring forward a candidate at the next election. I have since had the opportunity of reading the very full and frank explanation of my opponent's views on public affairs, and I consider it creditable to him that at a time when it is the fashion to endeavour to efface the old division lines of political parties, and to inculcate the theory that there is no longer any difference in the opinions of public men, he has scorned the spirit of compromise, and given expression to views of such a nature as to afford a very clear and intelligible issue between him and myself. An electoral contest, when great principles which purify the political atmosphere are at stake, is an ordeal not wholly unprofitable, and I accept with cheerfulness my share in the coming struggle, leaving the issue, with confidence, in the hands of the constituency."



NEW LIGHTHOUSE ON THE ISLAND OF CAYENNE.—SEE PAGE 403.



HEARING OF THE YELVERTON APPEAL CASE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—SEE PAGE 412



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES REVIEWING THE CIVIL SERVICE VOLUNTEER CORPS IN THE QUADRANGLE OF SOMERSET HOUSE.

INSPECTION OF THE CIVIL SERVICE RIFLES BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE inspection of the 21st Middlesex (Civil Service) Rifle Volunteers, in presence of its honorary Colonel, the Prince of Wales, took place on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst., in the quadrangle of Somerset House, before a large and distinguished assemblage. Every preparation to do honour to the occasion was made. The quadrangle was tastefully hung with a varied series of Admiralty signals, interspersed with union-jacks and standards; on each side were ranged temporary seats for the accommodation of visitors, admitted by tickets; while on the west side of the square a raised dais, decorated with bunting and covered with a delicately white awning, over which floated the Prince of Wales' standard, was erected for the reception of the Prince and Princess.

A little before six o'clock distant cheers announced the approach of the Prince and Princess, and immediately afterwards the Royal carriage drove through the lines of volunteers to the dais. Upon alighting their Royal Highnesses were received with a Royal salute, the men presenting arms and the band striking up the first bars of the National Anthem. The Princess was received by Lady Bury and ushered to her seat, while the Prince, upon ascending the dais, graciously acknowledged the general greeting accorded him by all present. The Prince, who wore the undress uniform of a general officer, was attended by General Knollys and Colonel Keppel. The Princess was attired in mourning, and attended by Lady Carmarthen. The Prince, accompanied by Lord Bury, and followed by General Knollys and Colonel Keppel, walked down the lines and inspected the men: he then returned and took up his position on the dais, and the manoeuvres, directed by Lord Bury, were commenced. At their conclusion the Prince stepped into the centre and said, "Gentlemen, I need hardly tell you the great pleasure I feel at being present at this inspection, and the satisfaction I have experienced in witnessing your manoeuvres. Under the able tuition of Colonel Lord Bury you have had good opportunities of becoming efficient in your drill. It occurs to me, from the great steadiness you have acquired, that you must have paid much attention to drill. I had this square formed so that I might present you with my challenge cup, and I have great pleasure in doing so." The Prince then handed the challenge cup to Lord Bury, and a cup to the winner, Mr. Burroughs, of the Whitehall Company. Three cheers were then given for the Prince, three for Denmark, and the Prince and Princess drove away amidst the plaudits of all present.

FINE ARTS.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURES AT THE NEW GALLERY.

IN the two pictures exhibited in this gallery we are enabled to appreciate Mr. Holman Hunt's powers as shown in widely different directions. In the larger painting, "The After-Glow in Egypt," we see a result of the artist's Eastern study, of which "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple" was the more immediate object. The after-glow is shedding its lavish gold upon the ripe corn-fields along the banks of the Nile. The reapers are already at work, and a few stooks stand among the yellow stubble, while a camel, laden with sheaves, threads its way among the billowy wheat. In the foreground an Egyptian girl bears a bounteous sheaf on her head, supporting the burden with her left hand, and poising on the upturned palm of her right the green-glazed water-jar which she has just dipped in the pool left by the inundation, but rapidly shrinking in its parched bed. The circles still waver on the surface and set the floating leaves nodding. Attracted by the golden largesse scattered from the over-ripe bearded corn she carries, a flight of Barbary pigeons, bright with burnished throats and glossy plumage, or white as driven snow, hover about her, winnowing the hot air with busy pinions. One bird, bolder than the rest, has alighted on the sheaf, to which it clings with its red feet, fluttering its dusky wings, touched by the evening glow; others, cooing and strutting with half-extended pinions and eager, restless glance, crowd around her feet, contented to gather the grains which have fallen to the dry, cracked ground—the deposit of the river-flood. In the distance, beyond the yellow sea of wheat, rise the mounds on which the villagers build their huts, above the reach of the rising Nile; and yet further back, in the hot haze, are seen the purple mountain ridges melting into the clear blue of the windless Eastern sky. The girl wears a chemise of bright blue, and an over garment of a darker hue, open at the throat and flowing loosely to the ankles. A brilliant striped scarf is wound round her head, and her neck is encircled by a coral necklace and brass collar or torque. The evening glow strikes warmly on her rich brown complexion, her bright black eyes, and her full lips, and lends a richer gold to the plenteous sheaf and a rarer lustre to the splendid scarf about her brows. So might Ruth have stood in the field of Boaz.

Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss has won.

Of the merits of the painting it is almost needless to speak, for we have probably no such colourist as Mr. Holman Hunt living. The masterly manner in which, with such brightness of colour, he yet contrives to keep his picture full of light, is beyond all praise. For textual realisation the coarse blue fabric of the girl's robe is unrivalled, and we would specially draw attention to the transparency given to it where it hangs single against the light, and we see through the open, canvas-like material the tint of the water and grass behind it. The handling of the flesh is admirable—we need hardly say that the drawing is equally good—and we would bid our readers take special notice of the right wrist and arm—the wrist in particular. The green vase which this hand supports is a marvel, pure and simple. Its roundness, the gloss of the enamel, with here and there a flaw, the purity of its colour, the beaded drops of water trickling down its surface are real. The plumage of the birds is exquisitely painted, too; the jewelled gleams upon their breasts and throats vividly true, and their attitudes full of life and nature.

A decided contrast to this gorgeous peaceful picture is that of "London Bridge on the 10th of March, 1863"—a scene of glare, and bustle, and busy life. Overhead, a still, deep, blue sky, with fleecy clouds, milky in the silver light of the moon, but with their undersurfaces reddened where they overhang the city by the lurid glow of streets that "flash in rivers of fire." Underneath flows the Thames, inky black below the bridge, save where it is tinged with flakes of blood-red as it soethes round the piles, reflecting the funnel-glare of a river steam-boat, which touches at a pier where the green lamps shine vividly. Beyond the bridge the river widens into a flood of silver under the bright moon. And between the peaceful sky and the silent river flows across the bridge the roaring torrent of life. High on either hand rise the red staves, surmounted by the gold elephant of Denmark, which uphold the white-cross banners that flap in the night breeze; between these standards burn the tripods and flare the clustered lamps—a vista of fiery points lost in the red haze of smoke and misty light beyond the bridge.

The crowd is full of studies. Cabs, omnibuses, and vans choke the roadway, loaded with passengers; while the foot-travellers are wedged together on the path. Of humorous incidents there is no lack. Here a sweep, calmly conscious of the certainty that people will make way for him, bemisere the grey uniform of a young volunteer, who takes the mishap the more to heart because he is envying his sweetheart. Beyond him, a weak-minded individual who came out with a gold watch is bewailing its deserved loss to a stolid policeman. The young thief, who has administered the lesson on the advisability of wearing valuables in a mob, has slipped over the parapet, past the shoeblack and little Jack, who has been playing on the accordion, and, sliding along the timbers outside the parapet, passes the booty over to a confederate. An "intelligent officer," who will be highly praised to-morrow by the police-magistrate for detecting what is going on immediately under his nose, intercepts the spoil, and collars the astonished "pal," who probably thought his unexceptionable toilet would exempt him from suspicion.

Further back, a sportive youth has picked up one of the million crinolines which on this famous night were shed so plentifully in the streets. He bears it aloft on a stick, and is evidently proud of

his practical witicism. But it is impossible to give any notion of the wonderful variety of incident in this part of the picture. Out of the countless figures which here throng the canvas every one tells a tale and has its own individual character. We need only add that the spectator may look for a few portraits here—he will find "Tom Brown" and one or two other notable personages present, and find half of Mr. Holman Hunt himself to his extreme left. The difficulties of such a subject as this are endless; the conflicting lights, for example, require most masterly treatment. But Mr. Hunt is quite equal to his self-imposed task, stupendous though it be. The glare of the lamps is real and unexaggerated; the calm splendour of the moon in the blue deeps above truthfully and happily painted; while the atmospheric effects, the reflected light in the sky, the halo about the lamps, and the way in which the artist mysteriously distinguishes the fact that what we see is shown by the glare of artificial light and not by daylight, are all excellences which fill us with admiration for the genius which could conceive and the skill which could carry out a subject of such interest and such difficulty.

Every one who remembers Mr. Martineau's "Last Day in the Old Home" at the International Exhibition will be delighted to have another opportunity of seeing it. It is no unworthy companion of Mr. Holman Hunt's two masterpieces.

Evil days have fallen on the family mansion, and its once owners are but strangers there. The very chairs on which they sit are marked with the auctioneer's tickets, and the same significant labels are pasted on the ancestral portraits and the old armour which hangs on the tapestried wall or the carved chimney. The man who has wrought this ruin and disgrace, with his haggard, dissipated, commonplace features, sits on the corner of the table, trying to laugh away recklessly the feelings which lurk even in his blunted nature. Worse still, he strives to imbue with his own shallow jollity the delicate child—just the child such a man would have—who bears so strong a likeness to him that we instinctively shudder for his future. The mother—ah, what a story of trouble is written in that subdued, sorrowful face!—calls her boy to her. The action speaks volumes; we see in it the life-long struggle that goes on between her and the degraded husband over that boy's soul. At a window looking into the park—fallen like the fortunes of the house, into the eere and yellow leaf—we see the reckless man's aged mother paying the old steward, whose threadbare coat attests his fidelity, but whose poverty can yet decline to shrink the slender purse, even by the wages which are his due. To point to the cause of this ruin the artist has shown a betting-book in the hands of the miserable spendthrift, who of all the heirlooms and treasures of his ancient house cares to carry away no remembrance, yet clings to and bears off into exile two wretched, commonplace racing prints. The story is told with marvellous plainness; the accessories are all full of meaning and purpose. So thoughtful a picture we have rarely seen. It stamps its author as a man of intellect, and of lofty and poetic imagination, as well as an artist through the master of all the technical qualities and necessities. Harmoniously in colouring, finished in execution, excellent in composition, the picture is one which is not readily forgotten. The minutest and most unimportant detail is worked up to a reality, and has, moreover, a suggestiveness which "composes" the picture mentally.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE people of England, when they retired to bed to sleep on Friday night week, little thought that they were on the brink of a general election; and yet so it was. If eight more members had come up to support Sir John Hay, or eight men on the Liberal side had stopped away, the Government would have been defeated, and Lord Palmerston would, as soon as possible, have dissolved Parliament. Fortunately, however, for the peace and quietude of the country, this crisis, so imminent, was averted. The whips on both sides agreed that the Government would have a majority of some twenty-five, but ten Liberals voted with Sir John Hay, and the majority was reduced to seven. The number of members who voted and paired was 548, and the number absent without pairs was 108. The Conservatives amongst these, most of them, stopped away because they did not choose, at this critical moment, to endanger the Ministry; the Liberals, because they felt they could not sanction the sad Ashantee business. The ten Liberals were as follows:—Ayrton, the Hon. C. Berkeley, J. Greene, Lawson, O'Reilly, V. Scully, H. B. Sheridan, Sir J. Trelawny, Wyld, and H. D. Seymour. This affair of the Ashantee expedition has, however, now passed away.

Still the political atmosphere is more stormy than ever. All sorts of ugly rumours are abroad. Every man is asking his fellow what is going to happen, and can get no response. On Wednesday it was even asserted that Palmerston had resigned; then we were told in a whisper that Milner Gibson and Mr. Villiers, and some said Gladstone, would certainly go out, and that the Ministry would break up. All these rumours had no basis that I could learn; but still while I write all is uncertainty, and will be until the Conference shall, by its dissolution, untie the hands of Lord Palmerston, or, rather, unstop his mouth and allow him to reveal the result of its discussion, and the policy consequent upon this result which her Majesty's Government intend to pursue. It is generally believed that the result of the Conference will be nil—the mere *status quo*; but what the Government will do, whether it will decide for peace or war, is unknown. I think, though, that the opinion of the most sagacious members in the house is that under no circumstances shall we go to war. But on this subject, possibly, more will be known before this week's Paper shall have reached your readers. If the Government should decide for peace, the storm will break in the shape of some motion upon Danish affairs; but I think it will pass away with a clap of mere innocuous thunder. If war is decided upon, we shall have a crisis; for certainly, in that case, Gibson and Villiers will resign—at least, so I am confidently informed, and perhaps Gladstone. Rumours are, however, various about the opinions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If the Government should decline to go to war, and the Conservatives should venture to propose a vote of censure, I do not believe they will carry it. I may say I am sure that the House will not sanction a war policy in opposition to the Government. The Conservative papers are certainly bragging that the Opposition has a majority in the house. This is not, however, true. If all were to vote, and every man were to stick to his colours, the Government would have a clear majority of at least twelve. On the whole, then, I am disposed to believe that the Ministry will wriggle through the Session. We shall, however, know more in a fortnight from this time. If no crisis occur within the next fourteen days, we may be pretty sure that the Government will carry out its bat in triumph. It will, perhaps, appeal to the country in the autumn. The prevailing opinion is that, if it should safely steer on till the prorogation, it will most likely do this.

Of course, during the week everybody has been talking about the Alabama—her career, captures, dauntlessness, sauciness, and final triumph—for it was a triumph to be sunk fighting, after disabling an enemy of superior strength. Some time ago I was told by one likely to know that the majority of the famed Alabama's famous crew were Englishmen. I should be glad to know how far my informant was correct, for I read that, at Cherbourg, when the Kearsarge had returned to port, some of that vessel's crew fought with the Southern prisoners—that knives were used on both sides, and that the naval gendarmes were called in to interfere. "Kill the boys and the luggage!" It is expressly against the law of arms! This is a gravesandal, and the Federal officers owe it to themselves to give it prompt denial.

The above quotation from our irritable fighting Welsh friend Fiuellen reminds me of the recent translation of "Hamlet" by the Chevalier de Chatelain. Some "bits" are amusing enough; for instance:—

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seems to me all the use of this world!
Fie on't! Oh, fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely—

is rendered thus:—

Ces jours qu'on nous montre superbes
Sont un vilain jardin rempli des folles herbes,
Qui donnent de l'ivraie, et certes rien de plus
Si ce n'est les engins du cholera morbus.

Again: Frailty, thy name is woman!
is converted into:

Frailité, c'est vrai, ton nom est femme!

A man I know, an Englishman, who never writes books, but who can adjust the differences between the two languages as nicely as an apothecary the grains and scruples that he weighs without a moment's thought, translated Hamlet's attack upon the fair sex "La faiblesse, c'est la femme!" Let me say, though, that the extracts from the Chevalier du Chatelain's last work, though droll, are unfair, for he thoroughly understands our poet, which is a wonderful thing to say of a Frenchman, and his "Hamlet" is a work of great talent and research; but the fact is, it is impossible to translate Shakespeare—at least, into French—the *timbre* of the two languages is so essentially different.

I have heard a good deal lately of a very singular man at Vienna, one Signor Donato, a dancer, with two legs, certainly—one a natural limb, the other a wooden one. Well, with this timber convenience he chases, pirouettes, polks, waltzes, cuts, and shuffles with infinitely more grace than is usual to bipeds with both limbs positive continuations to their bodies. In Mr. Dickens' story of the "Old Curiosity Shop" one of the showmen remarks, "If there was only one wooden leg, what a property he'd be!" What a property must Signor Donato be! and what a magnificent prospect is opened to the industrious wooden-legged! I fear that the operatic market will soon be glutted with artists with one leg human and the other "practicable."

You know with what a mania society is afflicted for amateur theatricals; in fact, they have become quite an institution, like flirtation, basket-carriage, crinoline, and meerschaums. You hear men say of women, "That is Lucy Such-a-one. Her people are rich; she has expectations from an aunt; is very accomplished, good-natured, jolly, and plays Lisette beautifully." And women of men—"His name is So-and-So; he is of good family; in the Hussars; distinguished himself in India; beautiful teeth, and acts Jem Baggs delightfully." I do not know why all this has been suggested by the mention of wooden legs, but somehow it has. I suppose wooden legs led up to wooden heads, and wooden heads to lunacy; for I have just read in the *Vie Parisienne* that the "patients" in a mad-house at Lille recently acted "L'Oncle d'Amerique," with great success, to a highly critical audience composed of apparently sane persons. Well, acting is supposed to be an art requiring the highest mental attributes. As Albert Smith's engineer said, "Perhaps it is; perhaps it isn't."

A serious contemporary has discovered a new sect. He complains, through a correspondent, that the Church of England is not represented in the Court of Queen's Bench:—"Mr. Justice Crompton is a Unitarian, Mr. Justice Blackburn a Presbyterian, Mr. Justice Mellor an Independent, and Mr. Justice Shee a Roman Catholic," says our correspondent. But what do you think Sir Alexander Cockburn is? "Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief Justice is—a Scotch Baronet!" What a "persuasion" for a Judge!

This reminds one of the story of (was it not?) the late Sir Culling Eardley, who, when charged in a newspaper with not being a member of the Church of England, answered indignantly that it was not true, for he was "almost an occasional communicant." It is easy, however, to see how that blunder occurred. First he wrote "almost a regular communicant," then, thinking that too strong, he altered "a regular" to "an occasional," but the pen did not quite dash out the "almost."

"Brother Jacob," in the forthcoming number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, is a story of country life, by the author of "Adam Bede."

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

But few people, except those connected with a certain class of light literature, know how much the world lost when Robert Brough died. While climbing that ladder whose topmost round death, and death only, prevented him from reaching, he crossed a lithe, passionate, tender, grim, genial, comic, terrible actor, who possessed exactly the sort of power—a power of expressing hate, love, and humour at one and the same time—in which his own quaint genius delighted. What Robert Brough wrote in his study, Mr. Robson wrought out upon the stage. The burlesque of their day was only fanciful and grotesque, they lent to it the acid of satire and the passion of tragedy. "Medea," as given by these two weird, sympathetic, opposite geniuses, although it pleased a judicious few, was too intense for the taste of the whole town. The subject was classic and remote, but "Masaniello" was a rage, for the original opera had been seen by most playgoers. It had a semi-political bearing, and contained a wonderful parody; and seven years ago Robert Brough was considered at his brightest—a grave error, for, as I have said, few knew how large a light was quenched when he departed—and Robson at his raciest. Now, Brough is dead, and Mr. Robson has been long absent from the scene of his triumphs.

Remembering all this, it was with a feeling almost melancholy that I took my seat at the OLYMPIC to see the revival of "Masaniello." That very clever actress Miss Raynham appeared as the great fisherman. To play one of Robson's old parts at the Olympic Theatre is an arduous undertaking; and it must be confessed that Miss Raynham acquitted herself very creditably, obtained encores for songs and dances, and generally pleased the audience; but Masaniello is a part for a man, and not for a woman; there should be the growl of thunder in the tones that rouse a people to revolution, even in a burlesque. Miss Lydia Foote acted Alphonso agreeably, and Mr. Soutar made them laugh as the Policeman Selva. Miss Fanny Hughes played her original character, Elvira, with her original charm. She was quite a link between the new cast and the old; and I must not forget her singing, which was so charming as to be redemanded. There were several omissions and introductions in the dialogue and in the music, which I thought rather alterations than improvements. The scenery was from the brush of Mr. Telbin, which, having mentioned, spares me the trouble of praising for its picturesque effectiveness.

PARTING.

O Brook, be still! O gentle South,
Thy kisses cease amongst the noisy leaves,
And only kiss my burning mouth!

O Stars, make all your light to pour
On him whose love to me so fondly cleaves—
On him who comes, to come no more!

For now indeed I cannot spare
His first least footsteps; and I fain would see
Far as I may how sad they fare.

Or shall I wish that, unaware,
He should come near, and sweetly startle me,
His hand upon my arm?—'Tis there!

O Brook, flow on! O amorous South,
Kiss with a thousand kisses all the leaves!—
His kisses tremble on my mouth!

But ah, kind Stars, let not your light
Confuse the sweetness of my lover's eyes,
That bid farewell to mine to-night!—
Farewell! farewell to mine to-night!

Cornhill Magazine.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

TREATY OF EXTRADITION.—A convention has been concluded between Great Britain and Prussia for the mutual surrender of fugitives from justice. The crimes to which the convention relates are murder and attempt to murder, forgery, fraudulent bankruptcy, burglary, robbery with violence to the person robbed, and larceny, or embezzlements by clerks and servants.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THEATRICAL TYPES.

NO. X.—HEAVY MEN AND CHARACTER PARTS.

THAT some very bad man should want something to which he has no right—a kingdom, duchy, throne, estate, title, house, lady, watch, soup-ladle, or leg of mutton—is the starting-point of every tragedy and drama; and without a villain—and the worse he is the better—no tragedy or drama could get on. He is as fuel to the steam-burn; and not only fuel, but machinery, paddle-wheels, wind, and water.

These despotic Dukes, malevolent Marquises, and bad Barons in the illogical world behind the scenes, which, if remarkable for nothing else, would be so for false classification, are called "heavy" parts, and are played by "heavy men." It must be understood that the word "heavy" has no avoider's signification; on the contrary, the Heavy Man is generally slight and slender. Villains should be thin; no audience would believe in a fat murderer. The stage arbitrarily presumes a physical organisation of its own totally independent of the laws of nature. In theatrical pathology, remorse absorbs all the adipose matter in the bodies of bad men. The worse the heart the more active the secretions. The word "heavy" is doubtless intended to express the weight on the spirits of the auditors of the villain's presence, appearance, conversation, and soliloquies.

For he is a dreadful fellow to soliloquise is the Heavy Man! No sooner has the meek old noble whom he means to murder, or the high-spirited heir whom he intends to dispossess of his broad lands, or the amiable heroine he destines for a fate worse than death, gone off to their respective towers, bowers, or rendezvous, then he advances to the front, plants his right toe between the two centre footlights, and contracting his eyebrows and clenching his fist—that fist already red with the blood of a twin brother—looks at the audience as if he said, "You, at least, cannot escape me—you have paid your shillings at the door; miserable miscreants, you are in my power and shall hear me!" He then, after rolling his eyes, carefully informs his hearers, in tones that must disturb the meek old Baron on his couch, the high-spirited heir at his rendezvous a mile off, and the amiable heroine at her latticed-casement, that he considers paricide rather a creditable thing than otherwise if a man be urged to it by an ungovernable temper, a father's rebuke, an impatient thirst for gold, or the desire of vengeance. According to him, vengeance is the chief object of a man's life; and he enlarges on this delightful subject until the Gallery is rapt with admiration, the Boxes considerably bored, and a stout old lady in the Pit—Mr. Arthur Sketchley's friend Mrs. Brown, perhaps—exclaims in a Camberwell gurgle, "Oh, the wretch!"

With an audience, villains are an acquired taste, and the article depends upon locality. There are apriots and nectarines for Covent-garden Market, and pickled whelks for the south side of the River Thames; so there are elegant brigands, murderous marquises, and fascinating forgers for the postal district marked W.; and abounding stewards and pirate captains for that marked S.

Among many other things dramatic which we owe to the French—or rather to the Parisians, for there are two nations, the Parisians and the French—we are indebted for the cool, fashionable villain, the villain à la vanille, the refrigerated rascal, whose costume is confined to the coats and trousers of modern days, and whose unamiable weaknesses are francs and females. This is the "mildest-mannered man" that ever cut throat in kid gloves. He is all diamond studs and devildom, and finishes an act by saying, in a silvery tone, "Having poisoned my mother and stabbed my sister to the heart, I will bathe, and then to breakfast with the Marchesa."

One of the favourite fopperies of the High Life Heavy part is a coat elaborately trimmed with fur. It would seem as if this garment, being in his confidence and knowing all his villainies, the knotted and combined locks of the fur parted, and that each particular hair did stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, aghast at the terrible complications of his guilt. The rose-scented ruffian is always an accomplished duellist, a dead shot, crack swordsman, and usually brings upon himself his inevitable end by overdoing his rascality. There should be limits to all things, even to stage villainy.

With the pickled-whelks class of audiences the Heavy Man's lapses from the right path are invariably more innocent than in the arena visited by opera-cloak and fan; but they are more openly avowed and more coarsely delineated. The abounding steward, or the rascally lawyer—two favourite varieties of scoundrel east of Temple Bar and south of Waterloo Bridge—have in their marble hearts no spot of love. They care not for the old farmer's daughter or the honest cottor's wife. They aspire, respire, and perspire but for GOLD!!! Forged wills, fabricated codicils, hidden mortgage-deeds, and unexpected parchments, are the tools with which they work. They are invariably cowards, and tremble like aspen-leaves when an honest rat only threatens to "keel-haul" them. Keel-hauling, by-the-way, although a mode of punishment long since abolished in the British Navy, is constantly alluded to by the theatrical British tar. When the false steward or corrupt lawyer consorts with thieves, highwaymen, smugglers, coiners, and the like, he is invariably treated by them with the greatest contempt. He, on the contrary, is always civil and apologetic, even to the most abandoned outlaws, whom he addresses as "Mister."

"Don't mister me!" thunders out the Pirate Captain. "Death's heads and cross-bones! but you make me feel as if a cr-r-rawling snake were twining his slimy folds around me! My name is Ruthven Rudderblood, Captain of the Ocean Helldog. Yonder lies my bark, and never has this hand failed a friend in guilt or spared a foe when on his knees for mercy!"

And, apropos of the Pirate Captain, it may be remembered that that personage always speaks in metaphor, and that his conversation is altogether superior to his station in life. From the pickled-whelkian point of view, the Pirate Captain is a favourite. What are the tiny patent-leathers of the villain à la vanille compared to the mass of varnished boot that encases the Pirate Captain's foot and leg from toe to thigh? The Pirate Captain is a regular out-and-out villain, warranted to keep in any climate; not one of your mealy-mouthed sort, but a man who shoots first and speaks afterwards. With him it is a murder and then remonstrance. With the black flag floating above him, and his gallant, gallant crew around him, what fears he? Arson is his delight, and bloodshed his pride and glory. If any pirate seaman objects to the wholesale slaughter of a marine population, or of a ship's crew, the Captain shouts,

"What! Bearded by my own myrmidons, and on the very Helldog's deck? Quick! Rig a plank; overboard with him, and let him preach mercy to the sharks!"

And the recreant seaman walks the plank and falls overboard, and takes that opportunity of swimming to her Majesty's ship the Firebucket, and informing the captain of that cruiser as to the whereabouts of the pirate schooner, which is blown up in the last scene amid much smoke and the hoisting of a union-jack wrong side upwards.

The Heavy Man is seldom called upon to personate any characters but those of moral iniquity or physical ugliness—among the latter may be mentioned such parts as Orazimodo, Zaniel, the Bottle Imp, and the like. When, however, he emerges from villainy to virtue it is usually in one of the old comedies, where the clothes he wears are square cut and the sentiments he utters are to match.

He is then an insolvent Baronet, in the last stage of impecuniosity, and with an escutcheon of such high antiquity and honour that he alludes to it in every sentence. He is much given to considerable shirtnill, and to hiding his right hand therein. He talks like a book; in fact, exactly as a book would talk if endowed with the power of speech. When his son, whose name is always either Charles or Eustace, informs him that he is about to lead to the hymeneal altar a cottage girl, the good, old, insolvent Baronet does not tell his heir that a rich marriage might have repaired the

fortunes of their house, or that he should have chosen a bride of his own rank in life. No, he is too good for that, too virtuous and sentimental. He only says to the young lady—

"Bless ye, my pretty one; bless ye! Never has the voice of a De Boshy uttered aught but welcome to those who would find shelter beneath its roof-tree. The fortunes of our house have sunk, but we still have honour, and, those dearer blessings to the honest heart, love and virtue!"

Character parts are those that do not positively belong to any of the usually recognised lines of business. Ruffians with dialects, such as broken-hearted farm-labourers, who object to work, and set fire to ricks because they are not kept sumptuously at the parish expense; idiots, who say cleverer things than the people presumed to have possession of their intellectual faculties. The marked and singular personages found in dramas adapted from popular novels; and comic villains, belong to this category. They are too exceptional to require any detailed description.

But the actors who play these heavy parts? Do they seek to be the targets for popular execration? Do they revel in vicarious crime? Are they absolutely partial to appearing as bad barons, convicts, forgers, murderers, thieves, pirates, and other such moral and social refuse? The answer to these questions is, "Yes."

The Heavy Business, like the Old Men, is adopted from a thorough love of personation—a desire to sink personal identity in the face, figure, and manners of another. Except in the case of a disappointed Tragedian or Light Comedian, grown too bulky for buoyant rattling, the Heavies are usually the free choice of the men who play them. They are generally very genial, jolly, social creatures in their private life, with few resentments, or angers, or small spite. Whatever unkindness may lurk in their hearts is relieved abundantly at the theatre, where they cause more tears to flow in the course of a single night than are shed as consequences of any act of theirs off the stage during their whole lives. Who, to hear the indifferent brutality with which Pizarro bids the soldiers who have brought him Cora's child, "Toss the imp into the sea!" would imagine that Pizarro himself was a married man, and so devoted to his children that his very wife was jealous of the baby? The Heavy Man often studies his part surrounded by his offspring. When he studies aloud the effect is curious enough.

"Listen to me, Malatesta," says the actor. "Ere the sun again sink in the west the family of Faldoroldi will be in my power. At a blast from this horn the castle will be seized—the old castellan shall swing from his own battlements. For the lordly Leonardo I have a special dungeon, and for Bianca—Ha! ha! ha! (villains always laugh four times, only four; it is a rule in tragedy), the haughty Bianca, who disdained my honest suit, who laughed to scorn the love of the friendless, penniless Rudifufsky—she shall sue to me, to ME!!! for mer-cy. Hie thee, then, Malatesta, to the appointed spot, where my brave band—"

"Faver, give me a bit of tring," says the last baby but one.

"String, my dear?—Yes—to the appointed spot, where my brave band—here 's string, my darling—to the appointed spot where—"

"Tie me, faver. I want to be Billy's oss."

"To the appointed spot where—my dear, how you do bother me. Go to your mother—who shall sue to me—to ME!!! for mer-cy. Hie thee, then, Malatesta—to the—"

"Faver," interrupts the child; "Muvver can't tie it so good as you."

"Come here, then—how the dounce can I study with—hold up one armie—to the appointed spot where—there, my beauty!—to the appointed spot where—"

"Now tover one armie, faver."

"Yes, dear. There! Now go and play, and don't interrupt father any more—Hie, then, to the appointed spot where my brave band awaits me. Give Staballo this ring; he will under—"

"Kiss, faver."

"There, my darling—he will under—"

"Give Billy a kiss too, faver."

"There! Confound it, Maria! How the devil am I to get the words into my head with these children bothering about me? I won't have it. I'll—go along, my beauties—he will understand that when the beacon is fired the massacre is to begin."

"Faver, come and play at butcher's shop."

"Oh, I give it up! Come here, Johnny; Billy shall be the mutton, and you shall be the beef."

And the actor throws aside his part to sustain the character of a customer requiring a large quantity of chops, who is of extreme fastidiousness as to weight and primeness.

As the Heavy Man does greater injustice to his own personal and moral qualities than any other actor, the Old Man perhaps excepted, so he alters, disguises, or travesties his appearance as if it were the great end and aim of his life to be unrecognisable. He leaves his home at six o'clock a well-looking man enough, black-haired and swarthy of hue, but comely. In his attire he is loose about the neck as to collar and cravat, and his coat is large and easy. He looks somewhat un-English, and might be a sculptor driven by political causes from the sunny south to seek fortune with his chisel in foggy Ingilterra, were it not for the good-natured expression about the mouth—that feature so horrid in most foreigners—he would not be unlike a carbonaro, a political regenerator, or some sort of amiable assassin for the sake of others; but the mouth is too kindly to let the face flavour in the remotest degree of murder; and the Heavy Man saunters along the shady side of the street in a high state of good-humour with himself, his talents, the world, and things in general, till his careless, insouciant figure is swallowed up by that prismatic approach to the temple of art—the stage-door.

In the dressing-room his metamorphosis begins. The baggy trousers of private life are discarded for tight-fitting pantaloons of the brightest of bright red. The well-trodden boots, familiar with the pavement, give place to a pair of pointed-toed patent-leather curiosities, which run up the leg considerably higher than the knee, and which are lined with morocco as scarlet as the tights. The Heavy Man is dressing for Ruthven Rudderblood, captain of the Ocean Helldog, pirate schooner. A short white skirt, bordered with a broad stripe, still redder than the tights or the morocco of the boots, descends from his waist to his knees. This remarkable garment is called, from its complete dissimilarity to either trousers or petticoat, petticoat-trousers. A striped Guernsey shirt covers his herculean chest, over it he wears a scarlet waistcoat, infinitely more scarlet than the hem of the petticoat-trousers, the morocco of the boots, or the colour of the tights; and a queer garment that in shape and trimmings combines the brigand's jacket, the ancient drawers, jerkin, and the pilot's pea-coat. A blue silk handkerchief is loosely knotted round his throat, he has pistols in his belt, and a cutlass by his side. His face is a concentration of compressed marine villainy and highly-salted atrocity. With a black wig, black whiskers, black moustaches, black eyebrows, and a broad black line under each eye, intended to represent black eyelashes, every trace of the good-humour of his face has vanished, and his mouth looks fit only for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. His baby would scream with terror at the sight of him, and the rest of his children would refuse to put faith in him till soap, water, and towel wiped away the villain and restored to them their daddy's fair, fond, familiar features.

T. W. K.

TRIAL OF NEW LIFE-BOATS.—Some satisfactory harbour trials were made on Tuesday with two fine life-boats in the Royal's Canal Dock, Limehouse, under the superintendence of the officers of the National Life-boat Institution. One of the boats is thirty-six feet long, and is to be stationed at Holyhead, and will, when practicable, be used in conjunction with a steam-tug. The second boat is thirty-two feet in length, and is to be placed at Dover. The experiments made were principally of the following nature:—A lifeboat should possess that of righting itself when capsized, or partially capsized, and of getting up of sea-sickness. A large number of persons witnessed the trial; and Captain Knowles, of the British Royal Navy, who has been commissioned by the Government to inspect the life-boat station, was also present. The life-boat is the result of experiments conducted in Whitby by Captain N. J. Reed, R.N., of the "Hibernia," and is called the Royal Life-boat; while the Holyhead boat is the gift of Joseph Leather, Esq., of Liverpool, and is named the Princess of Wales.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE sudden flight of Mdile. Lucca has been invested with all the importance that is usually attached to grave political events. It has been connected with the Schleswig-Holstein question—the question as to the rights of Germans to do as they please wherever the German tongue is spoken, and with a few other questions, to some of which it would not be difficult for us to furnish answers. For two or three days the Berlin papers actually gave up abusing and ridiculing England for its curious mode of opposing the Prussian schemes of aggrandisement in Denmark and exclaimed only against the coarse, unfeeling manner in which we are alleged to have treated the charming Paulina Lucca. The notion of anyone in England being unkind to Mdile. Lucca is preposterous. A hundred habitues would have leaped from their stalls to avenge a murmur or even a look directed against that delightful young vocalist. No one ever dreamed of denying her right to think as Mr. Bernal Osborne and Sir H. Verney, or even as Herr Bismarck von Schönhausen himself thinks on the subject of "Schleswig-Holstein sea-surrounded." No one ever blamed her for admiring the King of Prussia, or even for feeling the slightest sympathy for the Prussian people. Finally, if the London public forced her to repeat all her principal airs (which is one of the accusations brought against that respectable body) it did so from a feeling of high admiration which really ought to have been taken in good part, and by Mdile. Lucca herself no doubt was, though not by the Berlin journalists. One adventurous Prussian scribe risked the statement that the unhappy singer had not received her salary. This was, of course, an error. Mdile. Lucca had received her salary, and, after drawing all that was due to her, took her departure without giving any notice to the manager of her intention to leave the theatre. The principal, if not the sole, cause of her sudden disappearance was ill-health. It is also said, to be sure, that she did not like England or English ways; but we had such a sincere admiration for her and her ways that we can scarcely bring ourselves to believe this. Probably the simple truth is that, being of a delicate temperament, and in the habit of singing only once a week, or even less often, at the Berlin Opera House—which is a Government theatre, directed by a salaried Government functionary who can afford to be considerate to beautiful prima donnas—she found it irksome and fatiguing to sing on regular and frequently-recurring nights, in obedience to the commands of a necessarily despotic private manager. In any case, we have to regret the loss of a pretty, amiable, and highly talented vocalist. We cannot understand what the public did to give her serious offence; and some day, when poor Denmark has been finally dismembered and done for, we hope Mdile. Lucca may be prevailed upon to return to London.

The ill wind that carried off Mdile. Lucca has blown to us Mdile. Artôt, who made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera last Tuesday, as Maria, in "La Figlia del Reggimento." Our readers will remember this showy, powerful, and generally most clever vocalist, who, we believe, was engaged last season at Her Majesty's Theatre, where, however, we had not the pleasure of hearing her. Three or four seasons ago Mdile. Artôt sang at all the best concerts in London, singing music of every kind—brilliant florid airs by Rossini, dramatic scenes by Meyerbeer, with selections from Handel's oratorios and from Yradiar's book of popular Spanish songs. After M. Flotow's "Stradella," it is a great relief to hear Donizetti's "Figlia del Reggimento," with Mdile. Artôt in the part of the heroine.

At Her Majesty's Theatre "Martha" is now being played, with Mdile. Volpini as Martha, Signor Giuglini as Lionel, Mr. Santley as Plunkett (or Plunkett?), and a new contralto, Mdile. Grossi, as Nancy. Signor Giuglini and Mr. Santley, in their respective parts, are as familiar as (since the foundation of a certain periodical) "household words" have been so often said to be in people's mouths. The only remarkable thing in Signor Giuglini's performance on Monday night (when "Martha" was played for the first time with new singers in two of the parts) was his omission of the air "M'appari tutt' amor," in consequence of a slight sore throat, of which he had already given signs in the morning at Mr. Benedict's concert, and which would not have been improved by an attempt to give effect to the vigorous passage "Martha, Martha," &c.

Mr. Santley was in good health, and did not rob the poor audience of its "porter-beer," of which, as usual, he was called upon to serve out a double allowance.

Mdile. Volpini, the new "Martha," acted and sang with intelligence and spirit, and gave all due expression to the Irish melody which the Russian composer has made his English girl sing in his originally German opera.

But the great success of the evening was gained by Mdile. Grossi, of whom no one knew anything until she began to sing, and who directly she opened her mouth proved herself to be one of the most richly-gifted vocalists on the operatic stage. Mdile. Grossi is young, handsome, sings with much feeling and expression, and has a thoroughly beautiful contralto voice, of which the rich tones were particularly effective in the air of the third act. Now we think of it, it strikes us that Mdile. Grossi must be the only Italian contralto on our operatic stage. The other singers at our Italian theatres with contralto voices, more or less feminine, are either French, like Mdile. Trebelli and Mdile. Nantier-Didie; or German, like Mdile. Betteheim and Mdile. Destinn. Mdile. Grossi is a youthful Albani, and before long cannot fail to be recognised as the contralto of the day.

Mr. Benedict's grand morning concert, which lasted, as usual, until the approach of evening, took place on Monday, at St. James's Hall. A large portion of the programme was, of course, devoted to the works of Mr. Benedict himself, who has now for thirty years occupied the highest position in this country as a pianist, as a musical conductor, but, above all, as a composer. One of the first noticeable things in the concert was the popular ballad, "Eileen Mavourneen," from the "Lily of Killarney," sung in Italian (under the title of "Figlia d'Erina"), by Signor Giuglini, and encored. Then the whole of "Richard Cœur de Lion"—the cantata composed by Mr. Benedict for the last Norwich Festival—was performed; the principal parts being admirably sustained by Mdile. Parepa (Matilda), Mdile. Sainton-Dolby (Urban), Mr. Santley (Richard Cœur de Lion), and Mr. Sims Reeves (Blondel). A short selection from Mr. Benedict's operetta, "The Bride of Song" (recently produced with remarkable success at Mdile. Louisa Vinning's concert), was also given—the singers being Mdile. Vinning, Mr. Santley, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Renwick; and, in Mr. Benedict's vocal arrangement of the "Carnival of Venice," Mdile. Carlotta Patti had abundant opportunities of displaying her marvellous facility and brilliancy of execution. Mr. Benedict's charming pianoforte fantasia on "Where the bee sucks," written expressly for Mdile. Arabella Goddard, was played by that lady to absolute perfection. "Erin," the well-known fantasia on Irish airs, written also for Mdile. Arabella Goddard, was on this occasion executed by Mr. Benedict himself.

Mdile. Harriers-Wipperr sang the scena from "Der Freischütz" with great dramatic feeling; Signor Gardoni sang the well-known "Chemin du Paradis" with the proper amount of sentiment; and, finally, a great many popular pieces, vocal and instrumental, executed by a great many popular artists, completed a most excellent entertainment.

A TESTIMONIAL is to be raised for Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, on the occasion of his retirement from public life. The committee is headed by many of the most distinguished names in Scotland.

POPULAR APPRECIATION OF ART.—A story is going the round of the painting-rooms to the effect that two people were seen last week looking at Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of the bears in the Arctic regions growing over the broken mast, when one of the gazers was heard to say to the other, "Look, Jim, they've tore down the North Pole!" On Whit Monday were seen several people in the Pantheon surrounding Haydon's picture of "Christus Triumphant in the Gulf!" under the full impression that the hero was Garibaldi. During the Exhibition a party of "swells" were seen to halt before Delacroix's "Floating Martyr," when the foremost of them, a lady, said, "Here it is again! Oh, dear! how sick I am of this Colleen Bawn!"



THE FIGHT AT ALTESCO, AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH WAR IN MEXICO.—(FROM A PICTURE BY JANET LANGE, IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS.)

TWO PICTURES FROM THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.
MM. JANET LANGE and J. Worms have each contributed to the Paris Exhibition a picture which is in each case highly characteristic

of the style of the artist, and has secured a very large amount of attention from connoisseurs.

"Le Combat D'Altresco," which professes to be an episode of the

war in Mexico, is one of those spirited battle-pieces which are thoroughly French in their design and composition, and are certain to attract popular appreciation by their combined dramatic effect and



INTERIOR OF A SPANISH COUNTRY INN.—(FROM A PICTURE BY J. WORMS.)

spirited treatment. It may be doubted, indeed, whether that dashing figure is a type of the guerillero; and the animal which he bestrides is a better specimen of horseflesh than generally falls to the lot of the Mexican cavalry; but as a composition the picture is so wonderfully suggestive of swift motion and quick, decisive action, that it will doubtless take rank amongst those celebrated battle-pieces which are already so numerous in French galleries.

The picture which M. Worms has contributed to the exhibition is in striking contrast to these warlike tableaux, and will remain one of the most noticeable works in the whole of this year's collection. "The Cabaret in the Asturias" is but the third painting exhibited by this rising artist, and is a very charming example of careful and effective colour combined with faithful drawing, in which every accessory is true to nature. This rough, well-frequented wine-shop is evidently no fancy picture, but one produced after close and appreciative study of the original, where every peculiarity of expression and every detail of costume were carefully noted. One may almost imagine the short, piquant Spanish proverb with which the busy, bare-footed serving-girl, in her picturesque head-gear, is replying to the half-mocking gallantry of the departing guest, and can see how the jest is taken up by that old, accustomed loungee at the table, to the amusement of the belted farmer, our old friend the muleteer, and the embroidered matador, who have all come in to drink their thin, sour wine, or to eat a lunch of bread-salad, or bread soaked in vinegar and oil, with (it may be) a slice of lean ham for a relish. Altogether, the "Cabaret in the Asturias" is a most suggestive picture, and fully deserves the praise which French critics have already bestowed upon it.

THE REV. JAMES GARNER, PRESIDENT OF THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

THE Rev. J. Garner is a native of East Leake, in the county of Nottingham, and was born on the 10th of February, 1809, and hence is now in his fifty-fifth year.

He was the youngest but one of ten children, was left fatherless when but seven years of age, and was early sent to labour for his own livelihood. He therefore received but such mental culture as the Sabbath school and an evening class could afford, but in this way obtained the elements of a plain English education. When about nineteen years of age he became united with the Wesleyan Church, and was soon employed as an exhorter, and, ultimately joining the Primitive Methodists, he was called into their regular ministry by the Oldham circuit in 1830. He remained in Oldham about fifteen months, and subsequently

laboured in Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton, Chester, Preston, New Mills, and Stockport. All his itinerant life has been spent in the Manchester district, and one half of it in the towns of Liverpool and Manchester. During his early years he was

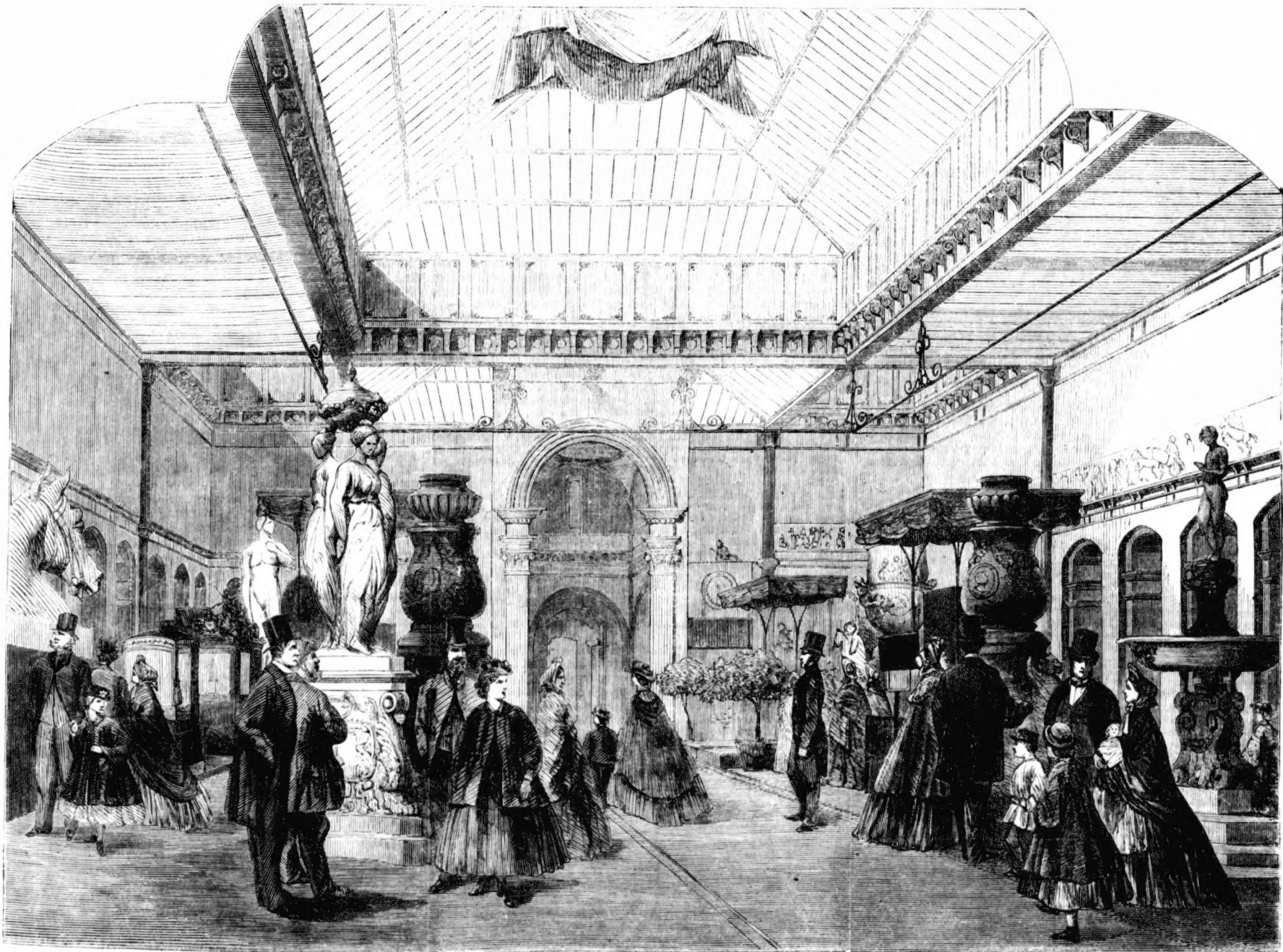


THE REV. JAMES GARNER, PRESIDENT OF THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. KNOTT, OLDHAM.

a hard student and a zealous labourer, and by dint of persevering toil he has attained a high position among his brethren. His studies embraced theology, history, the elements of various branches of science, and general literature. And it is but just to say that few men have, under similar circumstances, acquired a larger store of valuable information. Mr. Garner is naturally humorous and amusing, but his solid judgment prevents any undue display of this peculiarity of disposition in connection with the duties of the pulpit. As a preacher, Mr. Garner occupies a prominent position, not only where he regularly ministers, but in many other sections of the Connexion. Nor is he less respected as a man of business talents and habits. He has served on the connexional committee about twenty-five years, was eight years secretary of the Manchester District Committee, has been twice secretary of the Conference, and was this year chosen the president of the meeting of that body which was held at York. He is now also the Connexional Secretary, and has recently removed to London to enter upon the important duties of this vocation. Many years ago Mr. Garner married Miss A. Bower, of New Mills, Derbyshire, a lady of superior attainments, to whose influence and excellent qualities he was through successive years under great obligations. Latterly, however, he has been called to sustain an irreparable loss in her decease. Mr. Garner has published a very valuable volume of dissertations on theology, which has had a rapid and extensive sale.

NORTH COURT, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE late addition to the buildings of the South Kensington Museum, called the North Court, is a noble room, 110 ft. square, having a roof entirely of glass, supported by two main girders running from north to south, and two smaller girders from east to west, giving a centre light of 50 ft. square, four corner lights of 30 ft. square, and four rectangular squares 50 ft. by 30 ft. The amount of light thus obtained gives the gallery an open-air appearance. Blinds are provided when the rays of the sun are too powerful, and give to the room a tent-like effect. This gallery is the most distant room as seen from the first entrance to the museum, and is charmingly terminated by recesses filled with ferns, protected by plate glass. Of these ferneries there are four or five. The walls of the room are neatly toned and partially ornamented with bas-reliefs. They are also arcaded, which has a good effect, besides being useful as means of communication with other parts, so as to facilitate ventilation. The contents of this gallery are not permanent at present, but we may mention a few—viz., four canopies, under which are displayed speci-



THE NORTH COURT AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

mens of terra-cotta work of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Some elegant fountains of Italian workmanship adorn the south wall. Sir Christopher Wren's famous model of St. Paul's Cathedral; two sedan-chairs, one foreign, the other English; two state carriages of the last century; and a Neapolitan vehicle, carved in wood, not at all remarkable for elegance; two sockets, four flagstaffs, from St. Mark's, Venice, by Alessandro Leopardi, which figure rather prominently in our illustration; a reproduction of Michael Angelo's "Moses;" John Bell's "Eagle-slayer," and numerous other works. We should not omit to mention the beautiful tessellated pavements on each side of the centre of the gallery, towards the arch leading to the Ferneries. The arrangement of the various subjects is nicely carried out, and the general effect is very pleasing.

THE YELVERTON CASE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

EVER since the commencement of the hearing of this famous case in the House of Lords, the interest of the general public has been immense. On each day of their Lordships' sittings the space outside the bar of the house was crowded by ladies and gentlemen anxious to catch any question that might be put to counsel by the law lords, and still more desirous of obtaining a glimpse of Mrs. Longworth-Yelverton. On the first day of the appeal she was accommodated with a seat near her counsel; but the staring and the pressure were more than the lady could bear, and she has since been permitted to watch the proceedings from the reporters' gallery. For the information of those who are not acquainted with the arrangements in the House of Lords, it may be as well to state that this gallery is immediately over the bar, and faces the throne. When appeals are being heard, the Lord Chancellor sits on the woolsack, placed within a few feet of the bar, and behind a low table, on which are his writing-desk, the papers in the case, and books of reference. The noble and learned Lords who assist him in hearing the appeal sit to his right and left on the front benches below the gangway: they likewise have small tables before them. The Lord Chancellor wears his wig and gown, and has his quaint-looking three-cocked hat within reach; but the other law lords are in the ordinary attire of gentlemen. On this occasion the noble and learned Peers on the Lord Chancellor's right are Lord Kingsdown and Lord Chelmsford; those on his left, Lords Brougham and Wensleydale. The counsel engaged in the case stand and sit in a little inclosure or pen, which is about four feet square, and the front boundary of which is "the bar of the House." It is in this uncovered box, holding about half a dozen persons when there is no table in it, that the Speaker and over six hundred hon. members are supposed to squeeze themselves when Her Majesty summons her "Faithful Commons" to join in any of the united functions of both houses. When an appeal is on, the counsel addressing their Lordships stands in front, and the other gentlemen engaged in the case are hustled together round a little table. They are flanked by Parliamentary agents, solicitors, and spectators, who stand in small mobs on each wing of the wretched stall from which the first lawyers of the day pour forth their eloquence and conduct the proceedings for appellant and respondent.

Since the Yelverton case commenced, lay lords are constantly dropping in; and such was the demand of their Lordships for copies of the pleadings and letters that the hundred copies lodged by the appellant for the use of the House had all been taken up before the case had been six hours at hearing. It may not be generally known that every member of the House of Lords, whether a prelate, a lawyer, a soldier, or a layman, is entitled to vote in the decision on an appeal; but a privilege so sure to bring contempt on the judgments of the highest court of appeal, if it was exercised, is never claimed in practice.

As soon as it became known that Mrs. Longworth-Yelverton had sought refuge in the reporters' gallery, strangers, on one pretence or another, invaded that privileged sanctuary and stared at the lady and the two female friends who accompanied her with a scrutiny that was evidently very annoying to Mrs. Yelverton. The gentlemen in the gallery, feeling that while she was in that part of the building it became them to see that she was not subjected to annoyance, remonstrated against the intrusion of persons who were not entitled to come there; and, at their instance, a placard with the word "Private" was hung up at the entrance; but, a number of individuals having disregarded this intimation, the reporters suggested that a policeman should be placed at the door, and this was accordingly done. Mrs. Yelverton generally stood behind the sunk row of pews in which the reporters take their notes. She held in her hand the volume containing the correspondence between herself and Major Yelverton, and marked with a pencil any passages on which counsel for the appellant laid peculiar stress. Mrs. Bellamy, her sister, and another lady were at each side of her. Mrs. Longworth-Yelverton is not a handsome woman, nor is her appearance or bearing aristocratic. She is rather under than over the middle height, and when her countenance is at rest it does not strike you as one of peculiar intelligence; but when she is animated that splendid intellect, of which her letters give such ample proof, is reflected in her whole face, and there is exquisite tenderness and immense expression in her soft yet brilliant eyes. She has an abundance of golden fair hair, which she wears turned back from her forehead. If the appeal goes in her favour, of course her counsel will receive their fees: but it is said that if the decision is the other way, neither the Attorney-General for England, the Lord Advocate for Scotland, the Queen's Advocate, nor Mr. Whiteside, the leader of the Common-law Bar of Ireland, will accept one guinea for their services in her behalf.

The case was opened for the appellant, Major Yelverton, by Mr. Rolt, Q.C., who spoke for four days and a half, and was followed on the same side by Sir Hugh Cairns. The Attorney-General and the Lord Advocate then replied on the part of Mrs. Longworth-Yelverton, and the case now waits for the decision of their Lordships.

Mrs. Forbes Yelverton is believed to be in the neighbourhood of London, but has not been at the House of Lords. Major Yelverton's whereabouts is not generally known. Some say he is in Australia; others that he is in Paris.

EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBOURNNESS.—An important series of gunnery experiments was made at Shoeburyness last week. The object was to test the resisting powers of a target representing a section of the iron-clad Lord Warden, now being built, and in the same trials to determine the comparative penetrating powers of the Somerset and Frederick guns, and of the Armstrong and Anderson guns. The first represents guns of the same weight—6½ tons each, but the Frederick is of smaller bore than the other. The other guns are both of 300 lb. weight, but the Anderson gun is likewise of smaller bore than the Armstrong. The result of the trials, which were of great interest, was that the target, though in its principal parts 4½ in. thick, was knocked all to pieces; and, with respect to the guns, the large-bore guns were found to be superior to their small-bore competitors.

REMARKABLE TRAGEDY IN FRANCE.—A murder and a suicide have been committed in one family in France, owing to a child having eaten two strawberries! The daughter of a M. Renaux was about to go for the first time to communion, but the same morning ate two strawberries from a dish of fruit. This prevented the ceremony, so strict is the rule of the Roman Catholic Church that the sacrament shall be taken fasting. Her parents reproached her in severe language, and, much terrified, she left her home in the night and went to a farm adjoining the school she attended. Her mother, finding she had gone, thought she had committed suicide and drowned herself in the Marne. The tragedy had not yet ended, for M. Renaux's brother-in-law, who had already given signs of mental derangement, on hearing of his sister's disappearance, took a loaded gun with which he shot dead a servant man and afterwards blew out his own brains.

GENERAL GARIBOLDI.—Garibaldi has addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Movimento di Turin*:—"In the supplement to No. 137 of your newspaper, under the head of 'England,' you quote an article of the *Morning Post*, to which I feel myself called upon to reply as follows:—'Political associates and intimate friends,—You would do me a most grateful favour if you would have the goodness to shew me the deep gratitude that I feel and that I owe to all those Englishmen whom I met and with whom I associated in their noble country, from the honest sons of labour to the illustrious men who preside over its Government. Know, then, that I decided upon visiting England in order to pay her a sacred debt of gratitude, and that I withdrew when I thought proper to do so, without any instigation whatever. As to those under whose roof I was an honoured guest, it will never be possible for me to thank them sufficiently for the exceeding courtesy which they so splendidly lavished on me.' The General is now at the baths of Ischia, for the benefit of his health."

Literature.

NEW NOVELS.

Hester Kirton. By the Author of "A Bad Beginning," "Chesterford," &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co. From Pillar to Post. 1 vol. Tinsley Brothers.

Here are two stories of present-day English life. They are widely dissimilar in representations of society, and neither can be accused of much reckless exaggeration; but the powers of the writers are so distinct that, whilst "Hester Kirton" reads like no more than worn-out jumble once more juggled into three volumes, "From Pillar to Post," although almost too romantic for real life, has an air of novelty and truth breathing freely out of every line. This is the pure literary faculty, apart from the exercise of the imaginative faculties or the exercise of any learning or experience. There is more in this than most readers and many writers believe. Nothing is more common than for decorous middle age, especially when it has achieved no brilliant success, to recommend youth to be careful of what it has to say and "never mind about the manner of saying it." This is a great mistake. A man in his senses will take—angrily, indeed—a coat of inferior texture, but handsomely cut to his figure, whilst he will reject the best woven Australian fleece if some "prentice hand has cut it out of all possibility of wear. Therefore, some attention to style, some care in selection of material, and a good-sense balance of the different materials is owing, amongst other things, by every novel-writer to every novel-reader. It will readily be presumed that "Hester Kirton" falls off in some of these particulars. But, still, the book has its merits; and it is impossible to read through the pages without acquiring a certain respect for the writer, and that respect is hereby evidenced in this our solemn recommendation that she should read "From Pillar to Post," with a view of studying how neatly as well as brilliantly incidents and characters may be opposed and may blend.

Hester Kirton is a young country girl, who is early left an orphan, and is caught up and married for her money by a handsome young London gambler and fortune-hunter. These are the principal objects of interest; but there are occasional episodes—especially of country village life—which are admirably drawn, and are certainly the best things in the book. Once or twice, indeed, the authoress seems to be aware of this, and hovers over her subject until passages occur which are pure sketches or fragments, and have no more connection with the novel than apple-sauce had in saving the Capitol. Old Kirton, the father, is a very wealthy miser, and all his money is laid up with his schoolfellow and friend, Goldsmith, who is possibly a Jew and certainly an attorney—a pious and charitable man, whom you distrust from the very first page. This lawyer has in his power young Frederick Hallam, a handsome spendthrift and scapegrace who is just trying to look respectable in a Government office. He wants a wife—for money! Goldsmith recommends Hester, and Hallam goes down to Kirton's farm with some deeds for the old man to sign. Thus gaining a footing, followed up by two or three accidental meetings designed by himself, Hester is sufficiently fascinated; and, her father dying suddenly, she becomes heiress to all his wealth, and marries Frederick Hallam within three months of the funeral. Now, Hester is a remarkably handsome girl, but with no more cultivation than the pasture-slopes of the mountains of the moon. Her husband is soon tired of her, soon ashamed of her, and, lastly, he neglects her. All through this she studies hard and becomes learned; moreover, she becomes coldly indifferent to all the world, and is strong enough to confront such amiable attacks as may be made. Her money, moreover, is somehow tied up with Goldsmith, and she actually makes her town-bred butterfly of a husband—the man who lives only for dinners and horse-racing—go and live in a country house, where there is nothing to be done but cultivate flowers. But Mr. Fred's nature is beginning to change. He soon loves floriculture, and he loves his little boy; whilst Hester does nothing but snub him and his affection for her, which is rapidly growing, and makes herself a general nuisance to all with whom she comes in contact. But one day she hears of a good action done by Hallam to her old nurse. She is overjoyed, dashes up to London, sees Goldsmith, and tells him to buy a certain estate which Fred has long wished to have. But Goldsmith recommends her not to buy the estate, and tells her that Fred is a greater gambler than ever, hopelessly ruined, and so forth. She immediately starts for the Continent, and picks up information which leads her to entirely disbelieve Mr. Goldsmith. She returns to England to hear that Goldsmith is a bankrupt, who has absconded with every penny, and to find her husband on his deathbed, where, however, they finally manage to embrace, to forgive and be forgiven.

This main thread of "Hester Kirton," old or new, is well told, and has a certain psychological interest. By-the-way, it should have been explained that the estrangement between the Hallams arose from the lady being informed that she was only married for her money. A lady Helena Fortesque, who has a spite against Hallam, calls upon Mrs. Hallam and bangs her about after this fashion:—

"You forget, Mrs. Hallam, that a far larger share of duty is due from you to your husband than from others, to whom, perhaps, it is to be regretted you should have ventured to compare yourself."

Hester did not answer; but as Lady Helena rose from her seat, she rose also, as proud, as defiant, and far more self-possessed than her visitor.

They were about the same height, but Lady Helena's form was far more fully developed than Hester's, and there was a velvet-like ease in her movements which the other as yet wanted. But still scarcely any one could have preferred the dark-browed, Eastern beauty of the one face to the pure, delicate, refined loveliness of the other.

"I don't know what you mean," said Hester, after a pause, feeling insulted and surprised at once: what was intended by this pointed reference to her husband?—"nor do I care to know," she continued, for she thought her visitor looked wicked, and she wished she would go.

"But you must know, I intend you to do so. I never speak in riddles that I cannot explain," said the other, with flashing eyes; "and I want to teach you, what it is a pity your own sense does not, that you should not have compared yourself with me. I was married for myself, not for my money."

Her eyes sparkled triumphantly, as she pronounced the last words with deliberate emphasis.

"How dare you insinuate what you know to be false!" exclaimed Hester, passionately, and she advanced a few steps towards her.

"It is not falsehood—it is the truth," said Helena Fortesque, fixing her eyes steadily on Hester's troubled face, in which she thought she saw the confirmation of her own words. "And now, good morning," she added, sweeping towards the door. "If you do not believe me, ask your husband when he returns. Dare him to contradict my words, and to say he married you because he loved you."

The above, be it understood, is no man's writing. Of course women understand themselves best. For the rest, the loves of Lucy Wrenshaw and Jacob Bonham, the doctor, is a charming sketch; but the crowd of town and country people is unendurable, and, considering what Byron says, the last thing we should have thought of giving to that abominable old bore, the nurse, would have been an annuity.

The charm of "From Pillar to Post," by the author of — but the titlepage makes no sign. However, most readers will imagine by the author of what before they have finished a hundred pages. The charm is that several threads pursued are found to be tied together, more or less comfortably, at the other end. The story, although short, is too minute for close analysis, and requires careful reading, lest the change which half a page may bring about should by chance be missed. The scene opens at the opera, amongst fine people, and, indeed, is studiously confined, with one exception, to fine people up to the close. There is a delightful Mabel, Lady Harbledown, who is well cared for by her friends; Stephen Grafton, a Cornet of Light Dragoons; and Cyril Vavasour, a poet with a ruined family, who is "taking" to law and reporting. Contrasted with these is the assemblage of Miss—or Mrs.—will do—Lettice Tallington, a model, of all that is beautiful, at least, and who is surrounded by a host of boyish admirers, all splendidly dressed, and all bearing patrician names—a favourite fancy, we believe, with the anonymous author. It is evident that one of these young fellows, Reginald Dormer, an artist, is far too much fascinated, and it is evident that he wishes to avoid the observation of Cyril Vavasour; for his sister Mary has, in

a manner, placed Reginald under Cyril's protection. Returning to the Cyril Box, we find only the most playful friendship being talked, with promises of immediate visits, &c.; but Cyril is terribly teased about his various loves, and is promised the sight of a certain Blanche, who is to turn his head and heart for once and for ever and a day. He meets this Blanche Latimer—a darling, clever girl, and soon they are making love fast enough—that is, she is always hinting that he had better marry her, whilst he cleverly and satirically repels every word, and avails himself of the intimacy to the fullest extent. The fact is, Cyril is devoted to Mary Dormer, Reginald's sister; but she has created an unnecessary estrangement, and he is morose or cynical in consequence. What is the sequel? Reginald lives a short life of shame, and elopes with Blanche Latimer; but they are pursued and interrupted by Cyril and Lettice Tallington, whom he has known five or six years since as an honest, good girl. Reginald breaks his neck. Never mind the other people. The honest young Cornet, whose life has been all purity, has proposed to Mary Dormer and been rejected. Luckily, he is ordered off to Canada, and hopes to be consoled one day. Cyril is gloom and bitterness, when in comes Mary. Her father is dead. They quarrel over the past; but quarrelling brings explanation, and it is evident that each has acted from the noblest motives; and it is only in the very last line of the very last page that Cyril says, "My darling! My darling! At last!" which, by-the-way, is the one termination which the reader never expected. It would be unfair to tell more of the story; indeed, that "last line" is going somewhat too far. If possible, we would quote pages to show the writer's singular felicity in dialogue, which is ever perfectly dramatic, because it always brings out character. His way of dealing with so-called delicate subjects is masculine enough, but the manhood seems not to share the sin whilst boldly pointing to the foul blots on life. It is daring and reckless, but yet it is delicate. The scene between Lettice and the mother of a young booby named Morley, who is going to marry her, has in it argument enough to knock over all sensitiveness. And especially good are the conversations between Guy Blacklock and Cyril, Guy being an excellent fellow, who really believes in new schemes, although not in all that he proposes; whilst Cyril only requires the touch of a girlish hand to see all the world goes again. We cannot refrain from one specimen. Guy says:—

"We throw overboard readily enough the manners and customs of other periods, whilst we preserve their moral precepts, which fit us even worse. We strain our faculties in order to maintain in cities the decalogue of the Desert, and to keep inviolate in an age of money the maxims of an age when there was none."

"But surely—if you are serious—morality never changes: there are principles which are immutable, truths which are immortal."

"Ah, my good friend, beware of immortal truths! I have buried many in my time. It is not pleasant to be the sexton to one's own abortive opinions, especially when one feels no promise of a more perfect parturition. Abortive opinions are like other abortive births, they weaken and disfigure the frame, which, had they arrived at maturity, they would have strengthened and adorned. Morality never changes! We hear of fashionable vices—not of fashionable virtues: but the latter exist no less than the former. Looking through history as well as around me, I find a morality which has its sanction in the convenience of the majority. The talents that exalted Mercury into a god nowadays sink Smith into a felon: the wit that won the former a place in a mythological Walhalla carries the latter into a matter-of-fact dock. Personal strength used to conquer crowns: it now subjects you to an indictment for assault and an action for damages. In the heroic days, if you were weak you were kicked; now, you are coddled in an hospital or propped up with a subscription. Morality not change! Of course it does: the mischief is, we will not allow it to change enough. The facts have changed—that is certain enough: them we cannot master. Preach from a million pulpits as you will, one day in the seven, against the lust of mammon-worship, there comes from the crowded cities and from the fallow-fields, on the other six, one huge contradicting voice, proclaiming aloud the new and only commandment—'Thou shalt not be poor!'"

This is hearty, vigorous writing; and, combined with the various goodnesses already hinted at, must make a name for the author, if, indeed, he has not a fine one already made, but momentarily suppressed. In any case, "From Pillar to Post" is a new and good order of novel architecture.

Father Stirling. A Novel. By JAMES McGRIGOR ALLAN. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

Readers who are fond of books written "with a purpose" should try "Father Stirling." There is purpose in every line, although it is not the lightest task to make out precisely what that purpose is. Possibly a description of the story, in a few lines, will give at least an idea of Mr. Allan's teaching. A young English gentleman suddenly succeeds to his father's large property, and shortly afterwards becomes a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. On account of this his old love for Madeline Singleton is doomed to disappointment, as her father, the Colonel, will not allow her to marry any but a Protestant. In despair the hero takes holy orders, and becomes Father Stirling, and speedily gains great reputation for eloquence and piety, and for the manner in which he lives on a crust and dispenses large charity. Unfortunately he is under the sway of a Jesuit Priest, Father Wiley, who seeks to make him join the Order of Jesus, where his great talents would be well appreciated. But, no; Stirling has no ambition, and even refuses a bishopric in favour of his plain sanctity, his visits to the poor, and, in fact, his personal contact with the world to which he has devoted himself. All this is good; but, on the other hand, despite everything, Stirling does not forget Madeline, and Madeline remains true to Stirling. Stirling begins to have doubts, and the doubts and his love together nearly wear him to death, and he seeks medical advice. The doctor tells him to marry—the reader must pardon us for not copying out the broad reasons given. Stirling explains that he is a priest, and that marriage is impossible. And then follows a passage in which the doctor deliberately recommends a substitute familiar enough in Turkey, and only just tolerated in the very best French society. But the advice is thrown away—Stirling is a gentleman. However, the Jesuit morality is found to be so disgusting, and the love for Madeline and home comforts so strong, that Stirling is on the point of reverting to his old religion, when Madeline sends for him. Her father is supposed to be drowned, and she is on her deathbed wishing to be received into the Catholic Church. Poor Stirling, who is on the very point of recanting, is obliged to minister to her, and the whole world rings with the glories of Father Stirling for his having converted a rich heiress, who will give all her wealth to the Church. Thus there is no escape from Roman Catholicism for Stirling. Madeline recovers and goes into a convent, leaving every shilling to the Church—a fact, by-the-way, which the law of the land does not permit. Colonel Singleton suddenly reappears, and is dying; but Madeline will not hear his messages, because she has been Jesuitically persuaded to stuff her ears with cotton-wool. The old gentleman then dies before he can alter his will; and Madeline, who at last hears how cruelly she has been victimised, dies likewise, and what becomes of her money—unless the lawyers take it—nobody can tell. And then Father Stirling dies; and, upon the whole, nobody can feel sorry for it, because the book is then ended.

Mr. Allan's object appears to be to cover the Roman Catholic Church with abuse—or, perhaps, he only means Jesuitism. Certainly, all the horrible plots and plans which form the incidents of "Father Stirling" deserve the severest human reprehension; but, in the present day, it would be hard to take the doctrines laid down as principles of Romish practice, or even as principally confined to the Order of Jesus. Public opinion was not with Mr. Smee, and even the case of young Mr. Harrison found an advocate, so far as young Mr. A. Beckett was concerned, if he be of any value. But what does Mr. Allan want? He is evidently no admirer of his own Kirk, and the Church of England parson whom he once introduces he huddles out of the room like a poor relation. Upon the whole, he appears to "go in" for the common-sense materialism or rationalism displayed by Dr. Blunt, who is a good man who does not trouble himself about Divine worship, and gives advice gratis to priests founded on the dubious morality which obtains on the banks of the Bosphorus. Mr. Allan writes very much better than when he lectured ambitious young ladies on "The Cost of a Coronet;" and, as a polemical novel, we can candidly recommend "Father Stirling" to grown-up people; but let Paterfamilias be wary of letting it get into the hands of youth.

Pharmaceuticae of the Royal College of Physicians, and the second of the Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co., &c. It is not a small defect in this compilation (speaking of the Pharmaceuticae) that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloe; yet we know that hemorrhoidal venae cannot bear aloe, except it be in the form of DOUGLASS'S PILLS, which act by constant aloe in the rectum, and the cathartic effect of the aloe is not in the sort of compound extract of aloe, which I think are formed and obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a ferruginous ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and so not condemn it; yet it is the best made put in the kind; and a muscular person, who has a dyspeptic habit, and who takes a cathartic, and whose effects properly so styled by a dyspeptic and corrigent. This it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids, like most astringents. I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane.

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